The Literary Digest

FOR FEBRUARY 6, 1937

Volume 123 • Number 6 • Whole No. 2442

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Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, President; ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Millionaires and Robins

Sir:—In reference to Miss Bidwell's remarks in the January 16 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST as to whether robins hop or run, I can say from personal observation (having lived in South Carolina, where Chinaberry trees are abundant), that robins not only hop or run—they also get drunk.

After eating an overload of ripe berries, which ferment in their crops, they neither hop nor run; they just close their eyes and fall out of the trees, remaining on the ground until they recuperate.

We have robins down here that migrate every spring to Florida and we have observed that your New England robin is no better than some of your New England millionaires, hopping, or running, or falling down. Who cares, so long as he gets up and going again?

[DR.] BENJAMIN A. DANIELS.

Tampa, Florida.

Women Drivers

Sir:—The statistics in your recent issue showing women to be safer autoists than men are puzzling to any one who has observed women drivers as I have. Here is my analysis of the problem:

There are about 15 per cent. of autoists who are dangerous, in fact murderous, drivers. Almost all of this crackpot per cent. are men. Their effect on traffic statistics is

(Continued on page 39)

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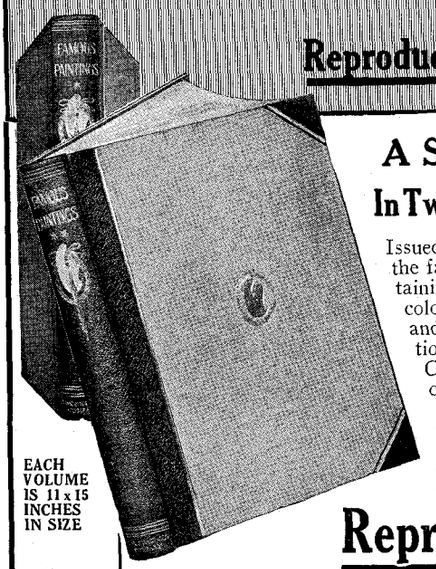

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LONG DISTANCE RATES REDUCED AGAIN!

ON JANUARY 15, 1937

EIGHT reductions in about ten years have substantially cut the cost of Long Distance telephone service.

The latest reduction in Long Distance rates became effective January 15.

Many interstate rates, for calls of more than 42 miles, are reduced. These reductions apply to *all* day and to many night and all-day Sunday rates for such calls.

The reductions for the first three minutes range from 5c to $1, depending on distance.

It costs less now to do business in distant cities — quickly, *personally*. It's easier for far-apart friends to keep in *close* touch.

Sample rates listed in the table below definitely indicate the downward trend during the last decade. Quality of transmission and speed of service have been markedly improved in the same period. The average time required to establish a Long Distance connection was over five minutes in 1926 — is less than a minute and a half today.

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HOW LONG DISTANCE RATES HAVE BEEN CUT AS THE RESULT OF 8 REDUCTIONS IN THE LAST 10 YEARS:

RATES FOR 3-MINUTE DAYTIME CALLS*		Station-to-Station		Person-to-Person	
From	To	January 15, 1926	Jan. 15, 1937	January 15, 1926	Jan. 15, 1937
Cleveland	Detroit	$ .65	$ .50	$ .80	$ .70
New York	Washington	1.35	.85	1.65	1.20
Chicago	St. Louis	1.70	1.00	2.10	1.35
Detroit	Washington	2.50	1.30	3.10	1.75
Philadelphia	Asheville	3.15	1.55	3.90	2.05
Buffalo	Nashville	4.15	1.95	5.15	2.60
Chicago	Dallas	5.05	2.30	6.30	3.00
Boston	New Orleans	8.60	3.75	10.75	4.75
Baltimore	Salt Lake City	11.90	5.00	14.85	6.75
New York	San Francisco	16.50	6.50	20.60	8.75

* Night and all-day Sunday rates are still lower.

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 6, 1937

Topics of the day

STRIKE: ENTER MADAME SECRETARY

Miss Perkins's Moves Upset Mr. Sloan, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Green

With tension mounting daily, the General Motors automobile strike entered its second month.

Every day last week, new complications were reported to a confused public. Accompanying each new move by all concerned parties were bitter statements, rebukes, contradictions.

President Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors declined to meet labor leaders at Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins's invitation. Then Madame Perkins demanded special Government power of Congress to compel strike arbitration.

Second Petition—Before the week was over, General Motors again petitioned the courts to evict the sit-down, stay-in strikers from two Fisher Body plants, held by them in Flint, Michigan, since December 30. Such an injunction had been obtained from Circuit Judge Edward D. Black, but the Union revealed that Judge Black held General Motors stock, no attempt was made to enforce his decree.

On the second petition of the company, Circuit Judge Paul V. Gadola directed Homer Martin and thirty officers of the Automobile Workers Union to show cause why an injunction should not be issued.

The G.M. complaint states that the sit-down strikers are no longer its employees, having been discharged, and now are regarded as "wilful and malicious trespassers," continuing their siege "in defiance of law and order."

Damage—The company further stated that the strikers have damaged company property, particularly seat-backs and cushions used for beds. They are charged with "wearing, discoloring and otherwise rendering the same unsuitable for use."

Major George L. Berry, President Roosevelt's Coordinator for Industrial Cooperation and Chairman of the Council for Industrial Progress, acting as head of Labor's Non-Partizan League, called upon League members in Michigan to apply pressure to prevent passage of a resolution asking Governor Murphy to evict sit-down strikers from G.M. plants.

Time was when all strikes were illegal; then a Massachusetts opinion by Chief Justice Shaw in 1842 opened the wedge. Once pickets were illegal; then mild legalization in the 1914 Clayton Act opened the wedge still further. Under the Norris-LaGuardia Act of 1932, peaceful pickets were legalized. This act also declared "yellow dog" contracts to be against public policy.

NLRB—Congress has banned Federal court injunctions in labor disputes, has legalized labor's right to bargain collectively and enacted the 1935 Wagner Labor Disputes Act, which outlawed employer interference with free self-organization of labor, setting up the National Labor Relations Board to protect the employees.

But to date there has not been created any national mediation service.

The National Labor Relations Board, which has the powers Madame Perkins has asked from Congress, is tied up by the courts in many cases. Moreover, the NLRB can't enter a labor dispute until one side or the other requests this service.

Curious aspect of the current General Motors mix-up is that neither side wants anything to do with the NLRB. Reason: the Board's precarious legal status. Judges have enjoined its powers to date, soon its constitutionality will be settled by the U.S. Supreme Court.

emergency legislation allowing her to subpena witnesses and documents in formal investigation of labor controversies.

Oversight—From Capitol Hill, a breeze of cool feeling boomeranged back on the Secretary of Labor. One procedure Madame Perkins had overlooked was to give advance notice of her latest wishes to Chairmen of the Senate and House Labor Committees, or send them copies of her requestful letter.

These men are Senator Hugo L. Black, of Alabama, and Representative William P. Connery, Jr., of Massachusetts. With their advice and persuasion, the request might have gained momentum. As it was, Speaker Bankhead merely replied to Secretary Perkins with a "hem and haw" letter full of "ifs and maybes" about the legislation being suggested to Congress.

Even Mr. Lewis and labor circles hesitated before the Perkins request. Would

© International

The powers Madame Perkins demanded of Congress made even Mr. Lewis hesitate

When Sloan declined to meet labor leaders in Washington, he charged labor leaders had broken faith, still sanctioned illegal occupation of G.M. plants.

To reporters, President Roosevelt said: "I was not only disappointed in the refusal of Mr. Sloan to come down here . . . but I regard it as a very unfortunate decision on his part."

More indignantly, Madame Perkins commented:

"General Motors have made a great mistake. The American people do not expect them to sulk in their tents because they feel the sit-down strike is illegal. . . . The legality of the sit-down strike has yet to be determined."

Still chafing, she sent off a letter to Senator Robinson and Speaker William B. Bankhead, requesting that Congress pass this be the beginning of Government supervision of trade unions? they asked.

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, announced he would oppose the measure. At this, Secretary Perkins dispatched her assistant, Edward Francis McGrady, to lobby for the cause. Once legislative representative of the A. F. of L., it was believed that if any one could sway Congressmen, Senators and William Green, it was "Ed" McGrady, the Administration's ace labor conciliator.

Conference—Later in the week, President Sloan secretly showed up in Washington, went into a two-hour conference with Madame Perkins. A few hours later he left town just as suddenly. Then both issued conflicting opinions.

The Secretary maintained Sloan "ran out" on her just as she was about to ar-

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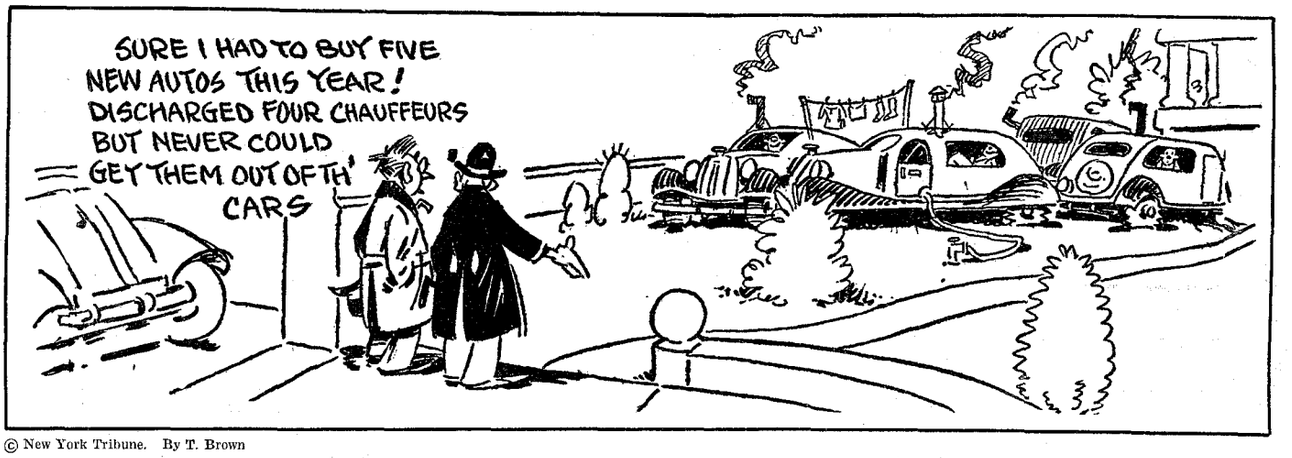

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range for a meeting with Governor Murphy of Michigan at which both sides could set a truce. As a result of Sloan's decamping, the Secretary of Labor said, she was distraught and couldn't sleep at her swanky home on California Street.

Confined with a cold at his Park Avenue home in New York, Sloan denied that at the Washington meeting he had agreed to reopen negotiations, called the whole conference a misunderstanding.

Comment—By this time press commentators were as much at sea as Madame Perkins. Most outspoken comment came from Gen. Hugh S. Johnson in the New York *World-Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers:

"The General Motors shindy has degenerated into such a three-cornered blunder contest that its results may be dire. . . . Mr. Lewis's blunders began with calling the strike at this time. . . . A second error was striking the glass plants, thus threatening to close General Motors's competitors also.

"Finally Mr. Lewis's explosive demand on the President for his political pound of flesh might have ruined his public support if the company had not immediately rescued him from that blunder by making the bigger blunder of flouting the Administration.

". . . First, she (Miss Perkins) chafed the company into a red rash and then she enraged Mr. Lewis into the incandescent stage of indignation from which he so resoundingly exploded.

"Having engineered the two-sided blow-up, she began writing epistolary ultimatums. . . . She wrote another letter—lifted almost bodily from the Christmas issue of this column—scolding Mr. Sloan in Biblical language; but she didn't send it. She only read it to the press.

"The net result of this calendar of ineptitude is that, having stuffed a dangerous situation as full of dynamite as possible, she lays it on the lap of a long-suffering President—where no such turbulence should ever come until it is ripe for solution."

Plants Reopen—Regardless of Washington negotiations, General Motors opened factories, claimed 40,000 men had gone back to work in ten Chevrolet plants. To notify workers and the general public of its attitude, it inserted full-page newspaper advertisements in larger cities, and wherever plants are located.

As for the reopening of plants, Homer Martin, President of the Automobile Workers Union, said:

"It is needless to say that all the workers of the General Motors Corporation want to go back to work, but it is not true that even a majority want to go back without the benefits and protection of the union.

". . . the men and women who have gone back to work in the factories of General Motors have gone with our consent after asking our opinion. Their going back to work has not and can not vitally affect the strike. We were willing that they should go back to work in order that they might have an income.

"They are to-day, by contributions and dues, helping to support the striking workers. The move by the General Motors Corporation to drive the workers back to their jobs is tantamount to a gigantic national scheme of blackmail and extortion, based upon the economic helplessness of the workers."

Clashes—Violence and picketing were evident in several sections. At Anderson, Indiana, union organizers were driven out of their headquarters. After this the Government assigned G men to investigate charges that strike-breakers—thugs and gangsters—were sent across State lines from St. Louis to the scene of the Anderson strike.

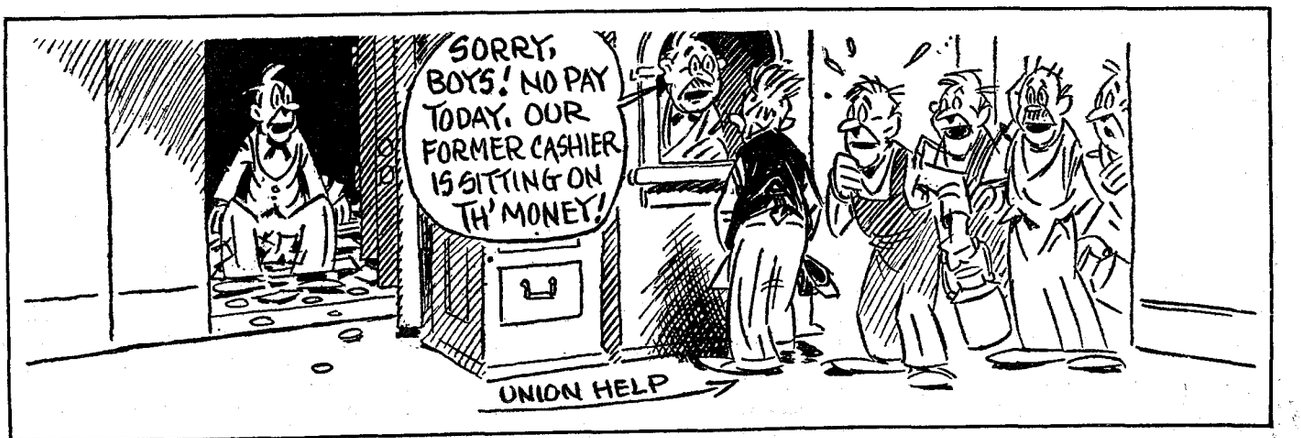
Pickets and police clashed in front of the Cadillac plant in Detroit. Union leaders charged that Anthony Fedoroff, a C.I.O. organizer, was so badly beaten up he was in a Flint hospital. Others were allegedly injured in Saginaw and Bay City.

Mayor Marzer of Saginaw warned Governor Murphy he could not be held responsible for any violence. Governor Murphy himself refused to guarantee protection to members of the Flint Alliance in their efforts to return to work in plants of General Motors.

City Commissioner George E. Boysen is Alliance chief. Forty-six, he is a former Mayor of Flint and former paymaster at the Buick Plant. Six feet three and one half inches tall, weighing 176 pounds, he has been nicknamed "Mr. Poison" by reporters.

A pet hobby of his is to tell newspaper men how he would like to use violence and throw out the sit-down strikers. The strikers, in turn, hanged him in effigy as a G.M. "stool-pigeon."

Charges—Unfortunate at this stage of the strike was the report in Washington of the National Labor Relations Board, which made public charges that General Motors and certain subsidiaries "have for a considerable period engaged in aggravated forms of industrial espionage, threats



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and coercion, violated the rights of their employees by unlawful searches of their possessions and unlawfully sought to prevent their employees from joining labor organizations of their own choosing."

John L. Lewis, retiring to his frame Colonial house in Alexandria, Virginia, had further cause for worry upon being notified that 25,000 coal miners in "captive" mines operated by steel companies objected to any increased assessment by the United Mine Workers Union.

Trouble—He admitted after conferring with representatives of Steel, that union assessments of United Mine Workers members "is leading to trouble." Dues are collected under the "check-off" system—automatic deduction by operators from miners' salaries of percentages paid into union treasuries.

Every member of the United Mine Workers, with a few exceptions, had to pay $1 for January and was to pay $1 for February as a special assessment.

Issue—Still one of the crucial issues of the General Motors strike, the sit-down technique has sent editors burrowing into history for the origin of this device.

Oldest known sit-down strike was called at Lyons, France, in 1565 by journeymen bakers. More than twenty years ago, miners in Wales conducted a strike of "folded arms." In the early 1920s, stay-in strikes were held in Italy during Mussolini's march on Rome.

Louis Adamic, the writer, traces American sit-down strikes to a baseball game in Akron, Ohio, in the summer of 1933. The players refused to begin the game—sat down on the diamond—until a non-union man was ousted as umpire.

In the same city in June, 1934, an effective sit-down strike occurred at the General Tire & Rubber Co., plant. But the first real American move of this sort was at the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. plant on January 29, 1936.

Abroad—In July, 1934, there was a stay-in strike in a Jugoslav coal-mine. A few months later, miners in a Polish pit stayed in and refused to come up until their demands were met.

Most spectacular stay-in strike was in France last summer, with 2,000,000 men affected in the Paris region at the Renault, Citroen, Hotchkiss and Nieuport Airplane Works.

Now all strikes in France are governed by the compulsory arbitration law, which stipulates arbitration efforts must be made before any strike occurs.

The British Trade Unions Act of 1927 makes general strikes illegal in England. It holds a striker criminally liable if his actions threaten a community with serious injury or inconvenience. It makes trade unions liable for strike damages in some instances. One of the provisions of the act was directed at the control of the unions' expenditures for political purposes. Sympathy strikes are tabu.

Denmark, Norway and Sweden have successful labor disputes policies, having three conciliators who seek mediation for seven days, during which time there is no stoppage of work.

Scattered reports from all over the nation indicated that the so-called disinterested public generally disapproved the sit-down strikers, severely criticized the Michigan authorities for allowing the present strike to continue.

FLOOD NAMES

Bonnet Carré—bo-nay' car-ray'

Cairo—rimes with *faro*

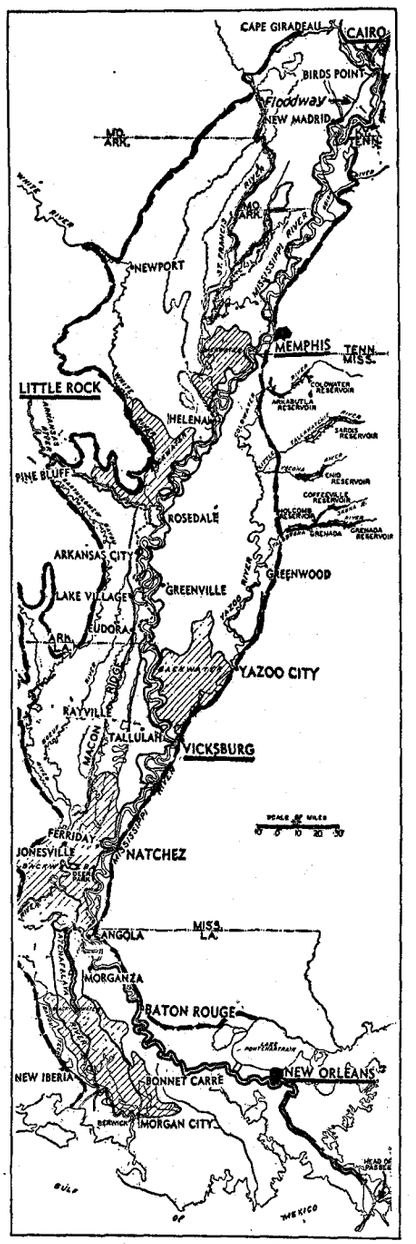
levee—in American, rimes with *heavy*

Natchez—rimes with *hatches*

Paducah—as if *pa-doo' ka*

Tallulah—as if *ta-loo' la*

Yazoo City—stress *yaz: yazz' oo*



Courtesy New York Herald Tribune

Detailed flood-control map of Mississippi Valley from Cairo to Gulf of Mexico prepared by Mississippi River Commission. Hills bordering fifty-mile-wide flat alluvial land, where 500,000 lives are endangered, are indicated by dotted lines. Parallel black lines in immediate riverbed show existing or projected major levees. Shaded portions indicate backwater areas of previous floods

FLOOD WATERS: Swollen Tributaries Pour into Mississippi, Leaving Terrific Damage in Wake

Will the Mississippi levees hold?

Leaving a wide swath of destruction estimated at $500,000,000 in one week, rendering 676,176 homeless, the eighty-foot crest of 1937's destructive flood swept into the final lap of its journey from Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf of Mexico.

Terrorizing eleven States, water from record rains poured into the Ohio from its tributaries, inundating a goodly portion of the 204,000 square miles of the river's basin. Towns large and small suffered on the unprotected banks, where fifty inches is the annual high point.

Past Cincinnati, Louisville and Evansville, the brownish-yellow water of the swollen river headed toward the Mississippi. Receding, the flood-stage was estimated at sixty-two feet.

Flood-Control—Will the $325,000,000 Mississippi flood-control be able to hold the waters in check, prevent further destruction?

The project, planned in 1927 by Gen. Edgar Jadwin, will receive its first test. Forty-foot levees with setback levees four or five miles from the river will be tested. Last week the first was tried. This was the Birds Point "fuse plug," blasted against the opposition of natives to direct the flood-waters into evacuated lowlands.

Levees have also been constructed along the tributaries and a huge spillway was erected just above New Orleans to protect this city.

From Cairo to the Gulf, the Mississippi winds its way for 1,200 miles. Fifty miles of flat alluvial land are at its banks, with bordering hills fifty miles apart. More than 500,000 inhabitants of this territory are waiting anxiously, praying the rebellious Father of Waters will subside before engulfing their lands, driving them to higher ground. Already the swirling waters have invaded sixty miles of Arkansas, damaged southeastern Missouri.

What will happen next is any one's guess. One old-timer in Memphis nodded his head: "There are fools, darned fools and those who predict the river!"

Another refugee in the Tennessee city said he had been through all the great floods, but that this was the worst.

Help—President Roosevelt placed the entire Government on a "war basis" to administer relief to the stricken areas. Soldiers, CCC workers, citizens joined to build up the levees, aid in relief.

Troop-trains, relief trucks, air-planes, boats rushed doctors, nurses and supplies. Motor-boats and rowboats were at a premium as neighbors aided in rescuing one another in marooned districts. In safer centers, emergency hospitals, kitchens and tents were erected for the homeless.

In Memphis, plans were made to care for 50,000. At the end of the first week, 85,000 refugees were in the city. Plans were then rushed to care for 150,000. Doctors labored twenty-four hours a day, inoculating against influenza, diphtheria, smallpox.

Congress sped passage of the $790,000,000 deficiency relief bill to make funds available at once for relief and rehabilitation work.

President Roosevelt promised Federal

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funds to finance the work of rehabilitation as officials in the flooded areas of the Ohio estimated it would be a month before actual danger would be past, another year before the damage of the past week could be repaired.

In 1884, the nation was shocked by the Ohio flood; again in 1913 the water rose.

Dayton—During the latter year, Dayton was almost submerged. Then the citizens of that city decided upon a flood-control system. Result: to-day, Dayton is untouched by the 1937 flood.

Its control system consists of five retarding basins with a total capacity 40 per cent. greater than the volume of the 1913 flood. The basins are protected by huge dams built of earth and pierced by concrete conduits to permit passage of the normal stream of water.

The high waters last week filled the basins only from 4 to 15 per cent. of their capacity.

This $33,890,000 flood-prevention project was started by the residents of Dayton sixty days after the great disaster to the city.

1682—With Indians as guides, muzzle-loading muskets as arms, the Sieur de la Salle saw floods on the Mississippi so broad that they looked like lakes, so deep that only tree-tops showed.

An observer (Henry de Tonty) wrote: "The banks are almost uninhabitable, on account of the spring floods. The woods are those of a boggy district, the country one of . . . trees torn up by the roots."

That was in 1682. The Spaniards had already been in New France, but had not yet explored the Mississippi, leaving it to hardier French explorers.

During the settlement of New Orleans in 1712, the civic architect, De La Tour, directed residents to raise a dike or levee to "preserve the city from overflow." Ten years later, Governor Perrier announced: "The levee is finished." It was 5,400 feet long, eighteen feet wide at the top.

For two hundred years, the policy of the city was to build the levees higher and higher as the floods correspondingly became more and more violent.

It was largely a competitive matter. If one farmer built up his levees, the others had to build them as high. In 1743, an ordinance was passed "requiring the inhabitants to complete their levees by the first of January, 1744, under a penalty of forfeiture of their lands to the crown." A number of farmers gave up their lands.

By 1812, both banks of the Mississippi had been built up for 340 miles from the river's mouth. The Government began to give assistance to flood-control in 1824, superintending levee construction.

Three years later, the Army Engineering Corps started channel-widening work.

Sen. John C. Calhoun thought enough of Federal intervention to introduce flood-control bills (chiefly for navigation) in 1843. Abraham Lincoln and Henry Clay were ardent supporters of Federal flood-control work.

When Zachary Taylor was President, Congress in 1850 appropriated $50,000 for a flood-control survey of the Mississippi. Humphreys and Abbott, Army engineers, made the survey which has since become a classic and a model for subsequent surveys. In 1917 and 1928, Congress passed specific Flood Control Acts.

F. D. R.'S DAY: Long Hours of Work, Study, Recreation Cram President's Daily Routine

If you could slip past the police on the White House lawn bright and early some morning, sneak into the Executive Mansion and break through the Secret Service men who shuffle up and down the corridors all night long, you would see standing patiently before the door of a room in the southwest corner of the second floor Irving Henry McDuffie, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Negro valet.

He has waited in the same place and in the same position every morning for the last four years, his head cocked toward the door, six newspapers under one arm.

McDuffie knows better than to scrape his feet, cough softly, or make any of the other "tactful" noises with which the experienced valet ordinarily rouses his master. The President is a sound sleeper, but of the automatic type. His eyes close easily. They open almost invariably at 8 o'clock every morning—without artificial assistance.

Sleep—Mussolini wakes in a cold, forbidding chamber that looks much like a sarcophagus. Hitler's bedroom is heavy with the ascetic atmosphere of a monk's cell. But President Roosevelt's sleeping quarters are neither plainer nor more ornate than those of the *John Taxpayers* scattered all over the United States.

The bed is long and white-enameled, a product of Mrs. Roosevelt's furniture factory at Hyde Park. On the walls at either side of it are naval prints and cartoons. A ship's bell rests on a small brown mantel. In one corner is a great mahogany wardrobe, near it a massive chest of drawers. All of the furnishings are practical, masculine and unmodern.

Opinion differs as to whether the President is on the chipper or indigo side when he wakes in the morning, but in either case, his prebreakfast routine is the same. He relieves McDuffie of the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Baltimore *Sun*, the Washington *Post*, the Washington *Herald*, and the Atlanta *Constitution*, and glances at the head-lines. (Last week, a half-dozen other papers were added to the list so he could keep in close touch with the flood disaster and the General Motors strike.) After this, he wraps himself in a silk dressing-gown, and relaxes while McDuffie plays barber.

Breakfast—Breakfast is next. It usually consists of cereal awash in milk and sugar, buttered whole wheat toast, and coffee. Boiled eggs, with bacon cubes and toasted *croutons* added, a favorite dish with the President, often ride in on the tray. The first of a series of some forty cigarettes follows breakfast, and then a strenuous mental workout with the papers.

Between 8:45 and 9, a delegation of the White House Secretariat glides in for a bedside conference. It usually comprises Marguerite ("Missy") LeHand, Marvin ("Marv") McIntyre and/or Stephen ("Steve") Early. From them the President learns how many appointments he has for the day and how much time he can take out for writing speeches.

After the conference, the "Chief" slips into his clothes—unless, that is, there are reports on the table beside his bed which he wants to dig into before going to the office. The shirt which McDuffie brings in is always white with a soft collar; the suit is double-breasted and is either blue or gray. With none of these articles does the valet have to offer much help.

Office—By 10:30 President Roosevelt is at his desk in the executive wing of the White House. Here, against a background of ship models, Currier & Ives prints, and a stuffed tarpon, the executive day begins. The handsome oak desk is one of the least tidy in official Washington, owing to the Roosevelt inclination to hold on to the hundreds of gifts and curios which pour in every day. In addition to toy donkeys and pigs, there are likely to be several paper-weights, memorandum-pads, and books.

Inevitably there will be 200 or more letters, selected from a daily average of 1,800. These are disposed of with great rapidity with the help of "Missy" and "Marv." Some get answers dictated by the Presi-

Underwood

Mr. President is held to a rigid schedule by aids "Missy" and "Marv"

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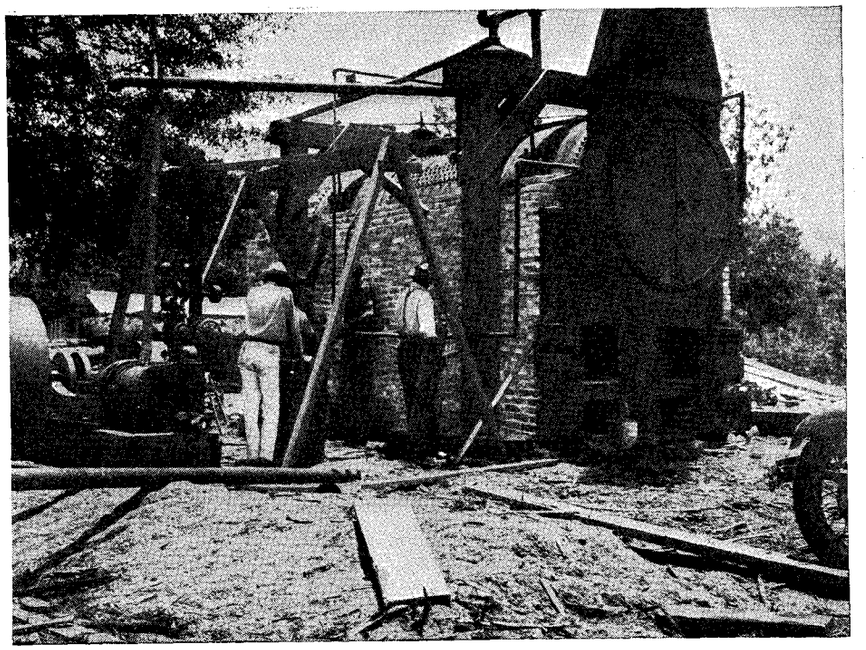

Steam power-plant replaces makeshift gasoline engine for cooperative share-croppers

dent, nine out of ten are answered by one of the secretaries.

The rest of the morning is taken up with conferences. Each conference is supposed to last from five to fifteen minutes, depending upon the importance of the visitor. "Marv" tries to hold his chief rigidly to the schedule, but finds it difficult. If the President is enjoying his chat, he forgets about time and leads the conversation into a score of channels. When this happens, McIntyre pops into the office, watch in hand, to urge the visitor on his way.

Lunch—Some of Mr. Roosevelt's predecessors made lunch-time a two- or three-hour period of relaxation by returning to the White House to eat with their families, but the boss of the New Deal has discovered that, with eighty of 135 heads of Government Departments, Boards, Commissions, Authorities and Corporations reporting directly to him, he must budget his time sparingly. To accommodate callers who might otherwise never see him, he instituted "luncheon conferences" at which he is likely to digest with his toasted cheese sandwich, creamed potatoes, lettuce salad, prunes and milk, a complicated report from Harry L. Hopkins on the progress of the Works Program, or a financial resumé from the Secretary of the Treasury. Menus for these conferences are under the direct supervision of Mrs. Roosevelt.

After lunch there are more callers. Even his children have to make appointments to see him during the day. Between appointments he sandwiches in telephone chats with Congressional leaders and Cabinet heads, and long periods of name-signing (autographed pictures, letters, *etc.*), which the President numbers among the most boring of his routine duties. Also there are more papers to be read in the afternoon—three Washington dailies and four New York.

If there is a play-time period during the day, it comes between 5:30 and 6, when, with the help of his personal companion, Thomas E. Qualters, the President lowers himself into the White House swimming-pool and for half an hour splashes about with boyish verve. His swimming-period is an important factor in keeping up his natural physical stamina.

Tea—If he misses this respite, it is because he has succumbed to a minor, but none the less exacting, social obligation of his office—high tea at the White House. On these occasions, he leaves his office reluctantly and changes to his formal clothes, with about as much enthusiasm as a small boy climbing out of his corduroy pants and into his Sunday blue serge.

Swim or no swim, by 7:45 the President is ready for dinner—and unless the occasion is an official reception, he does not have to wrestle with a boiled shirt. Notwithstanding a day of conferences, reports, name-signing and posing for pictures, he has enough energy left to swap jokes with his dinner guests and to contribute generously to the small talk.

Once or twice a week he gets time off after dinner. Then he can put his stamp collection in order—as he did the night of his Inauguration—or thumb through the latest book on ships, or even visit with his wife and family.

Homework—Most of the time the President goes up to the famous Oval Room, after his guests have gone, and does some of the most important work of the day. Here there are a chair and table copied from the comfortable ones Thomas Jefferson used at Monticello. The chair is equipped with a high back and long leg-rest; the top of the table twirls about so papers are always within reach. On the walls are the United States flag and the flag of the President, historical naval paintings, a portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt. On the mantelpiece, window-sills, and every other available plane surface are ship models.

Here the President pores over departmental reports which are more complicated than usual; here "Missy" takes dictation for very special letters; here is manufactured the new Roosevelt book; here he gets his one chance to day-dream.

And here the President's day ends. A little past midnight Mr. Irving Henry McDuffie glides into the cozy Oval Room. By 12:30 the lights on the second floor of the southwest corner of the White House are out.

CROPPERS' CO-OP: Sherwood Eddy Helps Poor Tenant Farmers to Help Themselves

"Us share-croppers don't git nowhere!

"I raised fourteen bales of cotton this year, and all I got was $125 credit for five months. I got only $68 in cash last year for my family of eight. We have no doctor and ain't had meat since I can remember. I don't go to church lookin' like a dog with my half-naked womenfolks barefoot."

When Sherwood Eddy, "social evangelist," and his helper, ex-missionary Sam Franklin, heard complaints like this a year ago, they decided that theories and Government relief and talking weren't enough.

Last week, twenty-eight families on a 2,138-acre farm near Hillhouse, Mississippi, were counting up their gains in a project that has had Southern conservatives and Northern liberals whistling with surprize. Negroes and whites on the Delta Cooperative Farm sold cotton and lumber for $18,000—half net profit. The average family received $327.53 and counted a gain in buildings and possessions of $122.29, even tho they were probably wearing the same ragged jeans with which they left Arkansas tenant farms ten months ago.

Poverty—Last year, Sherwood Eddy visited cotton farming areas, saw one-third of the people "living in tumble-down shanties, rewarded for their toil by poverty, pellagra, hookworm, malaria and illiteracy." When they tried to organize unions, racketeering officials arrested them, set them at forced labor, beat and killed them. "The owners are not to blame," he said, "they are up against it, too."

Searching frantically, Eddy found a large farm for sale at $5 an acre (less than the rent neighboring Government rehabilitation projects pay). In a whirlwind campaign, he got donations from churches, liberals, social workers; bought the farm, moved willing share-croppers from evicted farms onto it. A governing board was set up, but actually a council of the farmers and Sam Franklin, the manager, run the farm.

Despite drought and pioneering troubles, a saw-mill has been set up and $4,000 in lumber sold; the rest put into houses for the members and a community building. A hundred and sixty bales of cotton were sold for $13,000. Hogs and chickens were raised. Next year, cattle will be grazing; canning and weaving will become Delta industries.

The workers belong to both producers' and consumers' cooperatives, with their share in income determined by the amount and kind of work they do.

Beginnings—Like early settlers, the Delta farmers joined together in building twenty houses to replace tents and rude "cotton" houses. Hundreds of acres were cleared, plowed and planted, altho the cotton suffered and the corn was burnt up in the glare of last summer's drought.

Near-by planters were both skeptical and friendly. The Bolivar County Public Health unit had a field day screening houses, installing force pumps, and building model concrete outbuildings.

Warnings about the "shiftless, ignorant, worthless" types they were dealing with

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poured on the farm's directors. Some proved true. Three Negro families were moved off by vote of the farm council. Others left in a roving mood.

Sam Franklin tells of one farmer, however, who wept in gratitude at getting a home for his family and sending his children back to school. A one-time engineer found his heart's desire in a makeshift gasoline engine to run the sawmill. He invested in a whistle for it just in time to wake all the hard-working neighbors at midnight on New Year's eve.

Routine—Workers get up as early as 3 o'clock in the morning when the busy season is upon them. Even children join in "clean-up squads" when they're not in school. Once a week, there is a night school, and even adults are learning to read and write for the first time.

Altho Negroes and whites share equally in economic advantages, there is no effort to provide social equality. The two races live on opposite ridges, the community building (for school, church and meetings) half-way between. There is no doctor readily available, but the nurse sent by the Presbyterian Board of National Missions serves both races freely.

As the debt on the Delta farm is paid off, the trustees plan to turn the money back into additional cooperative farms. "This is no scheme for broken-down sharecroppers, but a sound economic proposition," Eddy insists.

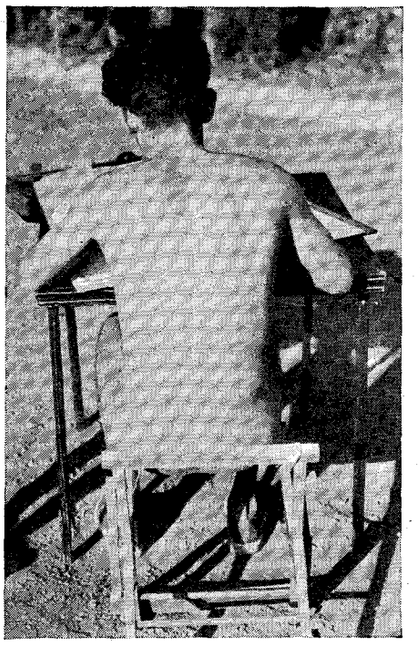
NUMB NUDISTS: Elysium Colonists Frolic as Winter Blasts Hit California

Icy streets in many Southern California towns startled sun-worshipers; Los Angeles shops and offices had lights on at midday, because of the smoke blanket from smudging in citrus-orchards; San Francisco housewives melted ice-cubes from their refrigerators, heated the water to pour on frozen pipes. Laundry bills trebled near orange-groves, as oily smoke poured in homes, soiling clothes, sheets and drapes; Pasadena gardeners abandoned elaborate sprinkling systems because the water turned tender shoots to icicles.

Defiant Nudists—Only at the Elysium Foundation, 114-acre nudist colony nestled in the Santa Cruz Mountains, did members defy the 25-degree cold spell. Guarded from prying eyes by a high fence, a few members frisked around in the "altogether," playing volley ball, tennis, croquet and badminton, or indulging in swimming and archery.

The colony, near the village of Alma (pop. 310), fifty-three miles south of San Francisco, is celebrating its first anniversary this month.

George Marcellus Spray, youthful former radio continuity writer, and his wife are the founders. They have been identified with nudism for fourteen years. Membership is 230, almost evenly divided between the sexes. Also a waiting-list of seventy. Members are accepted only after a careful investigation of their mental attitude toward nudism, social and moral background. From April to October, there were thirty to forty permanent residents. Sometimes week-end visitors reached a total of 310; each member was allowed to bring a guest as a prospect. Payment of



Pictures, Inc.

Chilly nudists continue outdoor work in frost-bitten California

fees supports the camp, strict secrecy is maintained as to members' names. Most are from San Francisco and Oakland. Noticeably absent are fat people.

C. of C. Member—Member of the near-by Los Gatos Chamber of Commerce, Spray is accepted as a "go-getter;" his colony admired as a source of income.

Additions are planned to the six two-room cabins now in use, each having a kitchen and sleeping-room. Many members prefer to sleep out of doors, bringing portable tents along.

No liquor is allowed on the premises. Food is on a par with that at tourist hotels, observers say. Trunks must be worn in the dining-room and lounge. At the weekly dances in the summer, conventional attire is required.

© International

He's in the army now: Private Mager will toot the helicon in Panama

"Nudism is 10 per cent. physical an 90 per cent. mental," declares Spray. " hope to see summer nudist camps ulti mately as a part of high school education."

Enthusiasts report more than 200 nudis colonies throughout the country. Popula in Germany as far back as 1906, nudism reached its peak there in 1926, spread t other lands. The vogue in the Unite States reached its greatest popularity i 1932.

In 1935, the monthly publication *Th Nudist* claimed a circulation of 78,00 News-stand dealers, however, doubted tha most purchasers were nudists; curiosit about the contents seemed to attract man buyers.

HELICON HUNT: Army Wanted Tuba-Tooter, Found Hin Already Enlisted

"The hell he can!" snorted the Colonel

"Well, sir, he says he can," swallowe the sergeant, sighing hopefully.

Thus a few days ago—or something lik that—ended the Army's hunt for a heli con-player. For sixteen days seventy-fou officers and 889 non-coms of the Recruit ing Service had been looking from Nev York to San Francisco for an experience tuba-tooter.

Yet all the time, the Army had a foot loose helicon-player, torn between a smold ering ambition to be an engineer an burning desire to live in a warm climate away from the raw chills of coastal Nev York. George F. Mager, twenty-seve and unemployed, left Pleasantville, Nev York, a week before the helicon-hunt be gan and signed up for the Corps of En gineers, where smart high-school graduate can learn a trade.

Saw News—Shipped to the Third Re cruit Barracks at Fort Slocum, on a island off New Rochelle, New York Private Mager began dreary drill and fag ging fatigue with rookies.

Strolling by the Post's bulletin-board he read that a helicon-player was needed urgently in the Panama Canal Zone.

Quartermasters had trouble riggin Mager out, for he is twenty-five pound overweight (175 stripped). Down i Panama, he'll get plenty of chances t reduce, toting a thirty-pound helicon.

Tooter—That doesn't worry the Army' newest tuba-tooter a bit. He'll draw $21 month, with everything "found"—food clothing and shelter. Hoping for raise later, he's willing to spend two years o his first three-year hitch in the tropics wants to reenlist again for tropical servic when his time's up, for he dotes on ho weather.

Private Mager isn't playing a helico now, tho there are two out at Fort Slocum He has one of the oversized horns at hom in Pleasantville, where he played in th high-school band of fifty.

George learned to play when he wa in the seventh grade, but never went t music school. Until the sergeant foun out he could toot on the helicon, musi was just his side-line.

Now he's glad he knew that the helico was not a mountain range in Ancien Greece celebrated in the classics as th abode of the Muses, but merely the circu lar form of the Wagnerian B-flat contra

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bass tuba used in military bands. They cost from $170 to $250.

Speaking of piccolos, the Army band in Panama needs musicians who can play them, or trumpets, saxophones, trombones, trap-drums; and even a pianist. The transport *Chateau Thierry* sails on March 2. Line forms on the right.

TOWNSEND TEST: $200

Fund Goes to Apple-Picker, Souvenir Hunters in Chelan Primer

In two widely separated corners of the country last week, two famous old men looked glumly at the future.

One was seventy-year-old Dr. Francis E. Townsend, who had secluded himself in a Washington, D. C., hotel and was girding for a strenuous legal battle scheduled to take place in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia next week. The other was sixty-three-year-old Curtis C. Fleming, an unemployed apple-picker who had become nationally prominent as the man who was to show whether Doctor Townsend's Recovery Plan was practical.

The trial of the prophet of the Townsend National Recovery Plan, Inc., may be put off for several weeks, but the fact that it is pending at all is evidence of a serious ailment that has beset the Plan and is threatening to send it into a decline.

A year ago, mere mention of the name of Francis Everett Townsend would have caused a hundred Congressmen to doff their hats and another hundred to shudder fearfully. The good doctor claimed to have 12,000,000 devoted adherents of his scheme to give every one over sixty a pension of $200 a month. It was an election year, and any man who could swing 6,000,000 votes . . .

Mass Meeting—Three weeks ago, at a "Congressional mass meeting" called by Townsend to discuss ways and means of jamming his pension bill through Congress, fewer than twenty Senators and Representatives showed up. This handful was an obvious indication of drastic shifts in both the popular and legislative attitudes toward the idea. Congressmen themselves listed three reasons:

1. The doctor's campaign gyrations, when he emerged first as an Independent, then as a Lemke man, finally as a lukewarm Landon backer, alienated a good-sized portion of his followers.

2. Schism, resulting from differences among regional leaders—such as Rep. John S. McGroarty of California—as to objectives and management of the Plan, divided the ranks lengthwise and crosswise.

3. Last December 3, a grand jury indicted Doctor Townsend for contempt of the House of Representatives in walking out on a House Committee which was investigating his organization.

Add to these circumstances that not more than a baker's dozen of Congressmen have serious convictions as to the efficacy of this vast economic cure-all (tho he claims the support of 116).

Guinea-Pig—Mr. Fleming's status is somewhat brighter, but still uncertain. Three weeks ago, Chelan Townsendites selected him by popular vote to be the guinea-pig through which the Townsend Plan would be tested on a tiny scale. He was handed 200 tagged dollars and told he would have to spend them within a month. Chelan merchants agreed to pay a 2 per cent. transaction tax on every Fleming dollar that revolved through their hands. The proceeds from the tax were to be used to provide another $200 to continue the test next month.

As last week ended, Townsendite Fleming had only three of his dollars left—and almost two weeks in which to get rid of them. For the departed $197 he could display a hair-cut for himself and a permanent wave for his delighted wife, a new overcoat, new shoes, a bale of hay for his cow, a pantry full of groceries, a receipt for his rent. But next month there probably would be a new candidate. Then the photographers and reporters would dash off to another end of town. Fleming's fun would be over.

Souvenirs—The spending spree was heydey for a sometime apple-picker who had not seen so much money since he went broke in Texas twenty years ago. For ardent

Acme

Townsendites' guinea-pig and wife survey each others' fineries with mutual admiration

Townsendites of Chelan, who hoped to prove that American citizens could put their Plan in operation without the aid of a balky Congress, it was a headache. Souvenir collectors pounced on the tagged dollars and drew them out of circulation. At the end of the second week, only thirty-one of the 200 were public property.

Officially, the Townsend Recovery Plan, Inc., refused to admit that the experiment was a true test of the revolving pensions idea.

Nevertheless, other strong Townsend centers in Washington, South Dakota and Massachusetts made plans for tests similar to Chelan's. Any one of these communities might have saved itself much time and effort by sending an emissary northward into the Canadian Province of Alberta to study at first hand the practical operation of a like scheme labeled "Social Credit." There, in the opinion of most impartial observers, the experiment is less than encouraging.

Topics in Brief

MAE WEST'S income figure bulges some, too.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

IT rains on the just and unjust alike and seems to be overdoing it in both cases.—*Ohio State Journal (Columbus).*

FLEAS have lesser fleas to bite 'em, the poet says. Maybe even a flu germ sometimes feels preyed upon.—*Manchester Union.*

AT the senior class dinner of the Electoral College, guess who was voted Most Likely to Succeed.—*F.P.A. in the New York Herald Tribune.*

NATURE arranges things nicely. She always gives us the kind of a voice that our own ears enjoy hearing.—*Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator.*

IN Denver a junk shop near a railroad crossing displayed this sign: "Go ahead; take a chance. We'll buy the car."—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

NEW YORK legislator wants compulsory teaching of safe driving practises in schools. Only dodging is taught now.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE final test of personality is to search for your wife's lost glove under the feet of other movie patrons and not get slapped.—*Oklahoma City Oklahoman.*

ONE mild hip, followed by a feeble hurrah! Here's the *Congressional Record* back on our desk after an absence of several months.—*Jackson Daily News.*

THE pictures from the Spanish front show a deterioration in Moors. We have yet to see one who would do for *Othello* in a No. 2 company.—*Detroit News.*

THE brainless old-timer who "didn't know it was loaded" has been replaced by the drinking driver who didn't know he had been.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

THE League of Nations is certainly an impulsive outfit. A recent bulletin says the League has reached the conclusion that the Spanish war is a threat to peace.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

ANOTHER worry is prompted by the thought that hardly any of the flood water can be impounded and used next summer to relieve drought conditions.—*Indianapolis News.*

THAT is an interesting rumor that Scotland is drifting closer to Ireland and America. Believing the jokesters, Scotland is close enough.—*Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.*

SLIGHT earth tremors have been noticed recently in Southern California and in Florida. The former were caused by the shivering of Californians; the latter by Floridians shaking with laughter.—*Atlanta Journal.*

POLITICIANS are becoming more thin-skinned. Seven Rhode Island Senators are suing a lady because she referred to them as yellow rats. Time was when, in politics, such a term almost amounted to endearment.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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WORLD'S REFUGEES COSTLY TO FRANCE

White Russians Lead, Followed by German and Italian Exiles

France, haven of the hunted and homeless, has just got her annual bill. It costs nearly $50,000,000 to maintain the 2,000,000 foreigners, most of them political emigrés, who call her the Land of Refuge.

A fifth of the sum went to 40,000 unemployed who drew the regular pittance of 90 cents a day. Nearly as many got free hospital care, to the tune of $7,000,000. Approximately 500 enjoyed the hospitality of French insane asylums, costing the State $160,000, while $125,000 more went for those who landed in prisons. Schooling and the executive expenses of the vast system helped to swell the sum.

Mosaic Code—Asylum—an inviolable shelter—has been offered to the oppressed by idealists from the beginning of history. The Mosaic Code ordered the Jews: "Ye shall appoint you cities to be cities of refuge for you, that the man slayer which killeth any person unwittingly may flee thither.

"And the cities shall be unto you refuge from the avenger; that the man slayer die not, until he stand before the congregation for judgment. . . . For the children of Israel and for the stranger and sojourner among them shall these six cities be for refuge, that every one that killeth any one through error may flee thither."

Under Greek law, the temples of Zeus offered safety to fugitives, and in the middle ages, when the personal vengeance enjoined by blood ties denied justice to suspects, Catholic custom extended sanctuary to within thirty feet of a church door.

From the thirteenth century, when the men of Uri, Schwyz and Lower Unterwalden formed a league which the Swiss dub Europe's first Republic, the cantons which are now Switzerland prided themselves on the hospitality they extended to exiles hounded from their own lands for political and religious beliefs.

Tables Turn—John Knox, slipping out of Britain on the accession of Mary the Catholic, preached his grim predestination on the shores of Lake Leman. Two centuries later, Voltaire, banned from Paris for views anathema to the Bourbons, called Geneva home.

After the French Revolution, the tables turned, and the infant Republic welcomed those persecuted for their faith in the new creed—democracy.

Thus Tom Paine, whose impassioned appeals to the American colonists—"These are times that try men's souls"—had hastened their Revolution, came to grief in his native Britain for writing "The Age of Reason." He was indicted for high treason, but not before the poet William Blake saw Paine's probable fate in a vision, and bundled him onto a boat for Calais. Frenchmen immediately elected him to office.

Irish Hero—A few years later, Napoleon himself sounded a blast in defense of an Irish emigré. He was James Napper Tandy, hero of the song that runs "'Tis the most distressful country that ever you have seen—they're hanging men and women there, for wearin' of the Green." Leader of the pathetic and futile rebellion of 1798, the Irishman fled to the Continent. On Britain's demand, the Hamburg Senate gave him up. "You have violated the laws of hospitality," the First Consul wrote, "in a manner which would bring the blush of shame to the wandering tribes of the desert." Britain condemned Napper Tandy to death, then released him on Napoleon's plea. He died in France, a national hero.

But by the middle of the century, when Europe teemed with exiles following 1848, France was in no position to welcome the oppressed. Louis Napoleon was scheming to make himself Emperor, and democrats like Victor Hugo had to seek safety in England. The pale face and glowing eyes of Giuseppe Mazzini, a leader of the movement to unite and free Italy, became the cynosure of London drawing-rooms.

His more aggressive colleague, Garibaldi, passed a South American exile drilling troops and leading successful revolutions.

(Incidentally, Latin-American custom on the right of asylum, which grants protection to political fugitives even in foreign legations, has no force in international law. Yet it works, even in Spain, where hundreds of Rightists to-day enjoy safety under South American flags.)

U.S. Obliges—Most of the liberals who revolted during the "revolution year" which saw rebellions in Hungary, Ireland, Lombardy, Venice, Denmark and the German States, turned to America.

From the beginning, the United States had offered a home to the unfortunate. Thomas Jefferson, in the Presidential message which marked the end of the short-lived Alien and Sedition Laws, said: "Shall we refuse the unhappy fugitives from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our forefathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?"

His words echoed in the Capitol half a century later, when Austria urged the Sultan of Turkey to extradite Louis Kossuth, leader of the valiant attempt to free Hungary in '48. Acting on a Congressional resolution, President Fillmore sent a man-o'-war to the Golden Horn to bring the Hungarian to this country. As the nation's guest, the distinguished, bearded revolutionary greeted both Houses of Congress, and made a conqueror's tour of the country.

Carl Schurz, outstanding among the German liberals who found refuge here at the same time, became a Brigadier General in the Northern Army, Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes, and father of the Civil Service system.

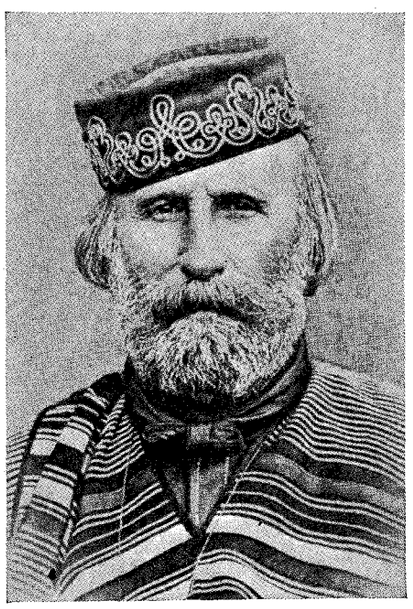
Alien Test—With the attempt to limit immigration under President Theodore Roosevelt, Congress imposed a literacy test on aliens (Grover Cleveland vetoed such a clause). The test would have excluded a large percentage of Jews in flight

Brown Bros.

After exile: Tom Paine was elected to office

Brown Bros.

. . . Louis Kossuth made conqueror's tour



. . . Garibaldi led successful revolutions

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Wide World

Jews all: Mme. Sarfatti wrote Duce biography . . .

Acme

Guido Jung led 6,000 men for a Duce cause . . .

from Russia's *pogroms,* for Czarist despotism forbade them to learn to read even Yiddish or Hebrew. For that reason, the Immigration Law still exempts from the test "persons seeking admission to the United States to avoid religious persecution in the country of their last permanent residence."

By the end of the World War, however, when Republics burgeoned throughout Europe overnight, political refugees generally proved too radical for American tastes.

The 1918 law banned anarchists, and the ban was extended by court interpretations to exclude Communists.

To-day, France stands out as the country which extends refuge according to the proud tradition.

Her broad-mindedness found dramatic proof one April day in 1931, when the train carrying victorious Republicans home to Spain passed a train at the frontier which numbered among its passengers the exiled Queen.

For twenty years, the refugees of all Europe have streamed or dribbled into Paris. Hungry hordes of White Russians led them in 1917. They are still there. The Grand Duke Cyril, Pretender to the Throne of All the Russias, leads a comfortable life on funds saved from the débacle. Pretty princesses work as manikins, homely ones are seamstresses. Thousands of "generals"—an incredible number, considering the rarity of colonels and lieutenants—operate elevators or drive taxis as badly as they did two decades ago.

The older generation still plots a victorious return to Moscow.

Their children, better adjusted, work in the "Cossack villages" on the Riviera, tilling the land. France did not refuse her protection even when one of them, Paul Gorguloff, killed the President of the Republic.

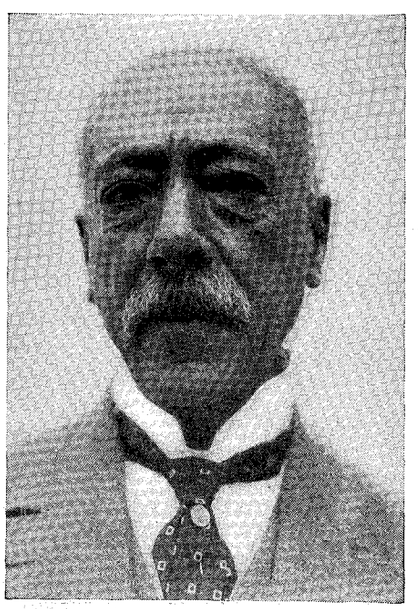
Starving Armenians and Assyro-Chaldeans followed the Russians. Then the White Terror in Hungary supplied a crop of liberals. With Mussolini's advent, Italian Socialists and Democrats wearily climbed the Alps, and those who did not freeze to death on the way, ended up in Paris.

Pilsudski's *coup d'état* in 1926 supplied a quota of Poles.

Hitler Aids—Then came Hitler, and Jews, Communists, Social Democrats and pacifists grabbed what little money he permitted them and left their homes. Of the 90,000 who fled the country, a majority crossed the Rhine. At the peak, 35,000 were there at once; then Palestine absorbed 32,000 and the United States 7,500. France, with 10,000, still keeps more than any other country except Palestine.

Unlike the United States, France stedfastly refuses to extradite them for any reason whatsoever, fearing that even criminal charges may have been trumped up to send some unfortunate to the tortures of a concentration camp.

And altho her own million unemployed sometimes complain of the strangers among them, France clings to her hospitable tradition. The victims of twentieth century barbarism have no place else to go.



Bain

Ernesto Nathan was mayor of Rome

ITALY'S JEWS: Loyal Groups Wonder at Mussolini's Attitude, Following Nazi Accord

Devout Jews, who still cling to their age-old flowing Oriental garb and black fezes, felt conscience-stricken and rebellious last Saturday as they took time off and hastened to the synagogs for the obligatory Sabbath worship through the ancient, minaret-studded seaport of Tripoli, Capital of Italian Libya.

Long before the rise of Christianity, their ancestors had trekked to North Africa and, under Roman domination, inhabited the towns in congested Ghetti, which Moslem conquerors later called Mellahs. Tho looked down upon by the Moslem majority of Arabs, Berbers and Moors, they gradually won respect for their business acumen and artizanry.

Twenty-four years ago, Italy wrested Libya from Turkey and for years waged guerrilla warfare with the unruly desert Bedouins. The Jews, however, were loyal from the start. Under Fascism, Libya's 21,342 Jews, most of whom live in the town of Tripoli, saw better days. Unmolested by Moslem fanatics, they earned a modest livelihood as artizans, seamen, pedlers, bazaar venders and clothiers, while at least 400 of their number rose to the rank of prosperous merchants.

Gratitude—When last year *Il Duce* waged war against Ethiopia, they showed their gratitude to his régime by contributing 1,000,000 lire toward a war chest, and recruited troops for the Jewish Volunteer Battalion organized by their 47,485 brethren in peninsular Italy.

A grateful Mussolini helped them build up-to-date hospitals, schools and sanatoriums; ordered 150 of their families settled on good agricultural lands. When envious Moslems, roused by their Near East Arab brethren against the Zionist movement in Palestine, accused them of land profiteering, Tripoli's Jews minded their business, carefully refrained from politics.

Two months ago, however, they were disillusioned when their Capital's Provincial Council forced Jewish shopkeepers to close their stores on the Sabbath, keep them open on Saturday. Openly, Tripoli's daily newspaper, *Nostra Bandiera,* admitted that the measure "was aimed particularly at Jewish storekeepers and had the object of forcing them from the new quarter of the city," because they "had gradually appropriated all the best sites and given Tripoli all the appearance of being a Jewish city."

Protest — Immediately the Rabbinical Council lodged a protest with the Governor-General, famous transatlantic aviator Italo Balbo, who reminded them that the Fascist law must treat all races alike.

Undaunted, a minority of the Jewish citizens consulted the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem, who urged them to resist the Sabbath-breaking order. The wiser majority withdrew to the Mellah. Meantime the town authorities had ordered two recalcitrant Jews flogged in public.

Despite the censorship, the news leaked out, stirred indignation among world Jews. First to protest the "outrage" was Gustavo Castelbolognese, Chief Rabbi of Milan, who thereby incurred Fascist disfavor.

But Jews in Italy, proud of their country's traditional tolerance, read with

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amazement in Mussolini's personally owned newspaper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, a caustic anti-Semitic article which found echo in such important publications as the Rome *Tevere* and the *Regime Fascista* of Cremona. They found it hard to explain how, only three years before, *Il Duce* had come out flatly for an autonomous Jewish State in Palestine in this same newspaper, which now accused them of pushing aside other races and trampling their rights.

"The announcer and justifier of anti-Semitism," they read in the columns of *Il Popolo*, "is always and everywhere the same—the Jew himself—at any rate when he exaggerates, as he often does."

Roused to fury, Jews linked the sudden outburst incident with *Il Duce's* recent close cooperation with their Nazi persecutors, and refused to be comforted by the Fascist Press Bureau's feverish efforts to stem the anti-Zionist campaign by allowing refutations and rebuttals to be printed in the *Regime Fascista* and other newspapers.

Minority—The Italian Jews have always been a small minority; they have naturally taken to Italian culture and become so assimilated that nine years ago the late Chief Rabbi of Rome, Angelo Sacerdoti, raised an alarm against racial miscegenation and said that "particularly in northern Italy, intermarriages with Christians are alarmingly frequent."

So closely identified are Jews with Italian life in general that one of *Il Duce's* closest friends and admirers from his early crusading days as a fiery Socialist was Donna Margherita Sarfatti, prominent Fascist and author of his biography. No less important links in the Fascist régime are such Jews as Guido Jung, brilliant ex-Minister of Finance, who commanded 6,000 men in Ethiopia last year; Giuseppe Toeplitz, former head of the Banca Commerciale; and such well-known novelists as Arturo Loria and Alberto Moravia.

Except for restrictions imposed on them when the Papacy held temporal dominion, Jews for centuries had received enviable treatment in Italy. With the unification of the Kingdom of Italy in 1870, they were completely emancipated.

Last week, many an Italian Jew wondered if the centuries-long thread of happiness had been cut by the Nazi sword

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PLOTTERS' PLEA: Mexico Receives Trotzky; Moscow Minions Near Liquidation by Stalin

To high-strung, wordy Lyoff Davidovitch Trotzky (born Bronstein), God-of-the-Russian-Revolution Nicolai Lenin turned in 1918, as the best available man to transform a demoralized, officerless, uniformed rabble into a disciplined Red Army of 5,000,000 men.

By 1924, War Commissar Trotzky was convinced that his army, like Von Moltke's, was ready to the last button; that it had only to march across exhausted western Europe, gathering force as it progressed from revolution to revolution, to create a Soviet State extending from the Pacific Ocean to the Rhine.

Only thus, he believed, by spreading, as Islamism spreads theoretically, in a state of permanent holy war, could Communism survive. Confined to Russia only, he declared, it would shrink like the wild ass's skin, until Russia would revert to capitalism.

Among those frightened by the War Commissar's audacious and grandiose plans was Staff-Officer Joseph Vissarionovitch Dyngashvili, a good man for a tough job but, in Trotzky's estimation, a small-town fellow, a bit vulgar and provincial.

Exercising the prerogatives of War Minister, Trotzky left Moscow in 1924 for a cure in the Caucasus Mountains to rest his nerves.

Before he got there, Lenin died. Dyngashvili, better known now as Joseph Stalin, had no nerves. Moreover, he was not a Minister, who could go where and when he pleased. So he remained in Moscow, was in at the division of the dead Lenin's political estate.

In the councils following the red god's demise, from which Trotzky was absent, Stalin fought the expansion plan.

"Let the rest of the world remain capitalist if it wishes," he said. "To consolidate Socialism in Russia, to make Russia strong" . . . that was the safer way.

Stalin Won—It was a long quarrel. But within a year, Stalin had won; had, moreover, made himself sufficiently powerful in the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party to dispose of Trotzky in any way he chose.

Remembering the pact made before they came to power, not, like the leaders of the French Revolution, to destroy each other, Stalin refrained from executing Trotzky. Instead, he banished him, first to Turkestan, later from all the Russias, to be hustled from Turkey, from Czechoslovakia, from Denmark, from Norway, last month to Mexico, as a man without a country. (LITERARY DIGEST, January 9 *et ante.*)

Trotzky gone, Stalin scattered Trotzky followers and friends, some to Siberia, many to exile, replaced them with his own machine, concentrated on industrialization of Russia's vast expanses, on collectivising its agriculture, on making the Red Army even stronger than Trotzky left it.

He built, not one, but three armies, each with the industrial establishment to munition it in time of war: One in European Russia to face Germany, one in Central Russia to awe the civil populace, one of 3,000,000 men far away in Siberia east c Lake Baikal to give Japan pause.

Each is ready now to fight a full-dres war; but always, in Stalin's mind, on th Soviet's home grounds.

Meanwhile, after thrusting Trotzky ou of sight, Stalin went about thrusting hir out of Russia's mind; expurgated him fror official Soviet history, until now it make no mention of the first War Commissar c the first partner of Lenin.

Beaten, Trotzky's old followers one b one "recanted," and were received into th Stalin fold.

In dire need of intelligence and ability he put many of the reformed sinners i places of high responsibility where, to a appearances, they were as loyal to him an his policies as they had once been to th brilliant exile.

By 1932, Trotzky, graying as he wa shunted from border to border, was sure than ever that he was right and Stali wrong. Before his very eyes, it seemec the bright red of Soviet Russia was fadin to pink, threatening to pale to white Stalin, he was certain, was becoming lik any other nationalist dictator, differin only in detail from *Il Duce* and *De Fuehrer*. Unless something were done, th dream of Lenin would soon be completel gone.

Stalin had promised Washington to sto Red propaganda in America, had made a alliance with capitalist France, instructe French Communists to halt their plans fo a Red uprising. Obviously . . .

Old Theory—By smuggled letters, by ver bal messages carried in by sympatheti travelers, he got word to his old friend that he was about to begin "active oppo sition" to Stalin from without.

There was but one way to get rid o the "fascist" Stalin. It would be vain t count on help from the Russian masses Stalin must be overthrown by reapplica tion of the old Bolshevist theory of seizur of power, through violence, by a small well-organized, determined minority.

Organizing such a minority was slov work. From 1932 until the middle o 1936, the smuggled letters trickled in anc out of Russia. Rare-traveling friendly Soviet officials and journalists stole tim

Sovfoto

Treason means death in Russia: Andrei Vishinsky (left), prosecutor, demanded that seventeen Trotzky plotters face a firing squad

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Lotte Jacobi

Karl Radek . . . one of seventeen . . . once journalistic spokesman for Soviet Russia

to visit Trotzky for conferences, wherever he might be.

Bit by bit, the exile built up, inside Russia, not a machine, but the skeleton of a machine, hardly more than a web, composed, as would be expected, of: (1) men he had known during Soviet Russia's early years; (2) intellectuals like himself; (3) men who for most part were, like himself, Jews.

Undercover—Never did the conspiracy reach the point at which it could hold even a small meeting or make any appeal for mass support. Its participants knew that no such move could escape for one night the vigilance of the ubiquitous G.P.U. (secret police).

Even their slender, thread-like web caught the attention of the G.P.U. within two years after it began to spread. From 1934 to '36, its existence was known; and for much of that time, most of its activities were watched. Then, in the middle of last summer, the first trap was sprung.

Gregory Zinoviev (born Apfelbaum), Leo Kamanev (born Rosenfeld), and fourteen others were arrested and tried in the dignified hall of the old Nobles' Club. Caught with the goods, they vied with one another in confessing that they were Trotzkyists; got promises, their exiled leader insists, that full confessions would save their lives.

After admitting "terrorist plots" they were sentenced to death and within thirty-six hours shot.

Seventeen More—Last week, seventeen more "old Bolsheviks" in the same green and white room, with less gusto than the accused of August, but with amazing nonchalance, confessed guilt to a far greater plot to cause war with Germany and Japan, to help both Russia's enemies win it, to assassinate Stalin, to put Trotzky at the head of the Soviet State. They dragged in the names of 100 others who will, doubtless, face the same microphones.

Treason? Not ultimately, the accused explained. Once Stalin was out of the way, they would begin the World Revolution all over again, the revolution to which Stalin himself was traitor.

To bring about Stalin's defeat, they would poison and infect troop trains; had already wrecked trains, blocked mines, blown up factories. Out of the confusion, they would recreate Lenin's dream.

Last Chance—Tawny, tousled, thin-lipped Prosecutor Andrei Vishinsky, altho there was no jury to persuade, vilified the prisoners for five hours in summing up his demand for the firing squad.

At 3:30 A.M., thirteen* of the seventeen were sentenced to death, with seventy-two hours to appeal to the Soviet Central Committee for clemency. Of the others, Karl Radek, long journalistic spokesman for Russia in the official *Izvestia;* Gregory Sokolnikov, former Soviet Ambassador in London, ex-Finance Commissar, cousin of Trotzky; Valentin V. Arnold, former chauffeur to Premier Molotov, received ten-year sentences. M. S. Stroilov, Chief Engineer at Kuzbas, who said the Germans blackmailed him, was let off with eight years.

Radek and Sokolnikov, in the opinion of Walter Duranty of the New York *Times,* were spared only that they might testify against Trotzkyists still awaiting trial, and will face a firing squad as soon as their services in the witness chair are no longer required.

Certain it is that Russians have not tired either of drama or bloodshed, for on Saturday hundreds of thousands paraded in Moscow, shouting for "more and bigger trials and firing squads."

*Gregory Piatakov, former Vice-Commissar for Heavy Industry; N. I. Muralov, Red Army commander who seized Moscow for the Soviets in 1917; Leonid Serebriakov, former Vice-Commissar for Communications; Stanislav A. Rataichak, former head of the Soviet chemical industry; Ivan A. Kniazev, former head of the Perm Railway; Josef D. Turok, Kniazev's assistant; Ivan J. Grashe, spy; M. S. Boguslavsky, former member of the Presidium of the Moscow Soviet; A. A. Shestov, former coal mine manager; J. N. Drobnis, former Secretary of the Moscow Soviet; J. A. Livschitz, former Vice-Commissar for Railroads; B. O. Norkin, former head of the Munitions Trust; G. E. Pushin.

BRITISH REGENCY: Commons Grants King's Request; Throne Proposed for Wallis

"The uncertainty of human life and a deep sense of my duty to my people render it incumbent upon me to recommend to you to consider the contingencies which may hereafter arise, and to make such provisions as will in any event secure the exercise of the royal authority."

King George, mindful that his heir is a girl of ten, last week appealed to Parliament for legislation ensuring the "uninterrupted exercise of the royal authority." His father and his brother, he said, had planned to ask for a similar law, after King George's illness had shown the need for it.

In accordance with his wishes, a bill was introduced providing for a Regency whenever the sovereign inherits the throne while still under eighteen years of age, or when some physical or mental disability makes the ruler totally incapable of carrying out his royal duties.

Gloucester—The bill designates as Regent the first adult in the line of succession: in the present reign, the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Elizabeth's eldest uncle next to former King Edward, would get the job. The thirty-six-year-old Duke, after the present King the most dutiful of Queen Mary's sons, had devoted himself to an Army career, but Edward's abdication and the increased demands on the other members of the royal family have seriously interrupted Gloucester's military duties.

The Regent must take three oaths: to serve the sovereign and his heirs; "truly and faithfully" to execute his office as Regent; and to maintain the Protestant Church of Scotland.

When George V succeeded his father in 1910, Edward, Prince of Wales, was only sixteen, and Queen Mary was named Regent under a law which never took effect. Many who had expected that Queen Elizabeth likewise would be named Regent for her daughter, were surprized when the post went to her brother-in-law.

The Government also cleared up rumors that Princess Elizabeth might share the throne with her six-year-old sister, Margaret Rose, by naming the elder girl sole heir.

Divorce Opposed—The Commons acted January 28, the day after Mrs. Simpson's decree nisi was three months old. Altho it is customary to wait the full six months, her divorce might have been made absolute as soon as the three months had elapsed. The United Press reported immediately that the seven mysterious persons who had filed affidavits with the King's Proctor opposing the divorce had either withdrawn their objections or agreed not to press them. A few days later, the same service learned from "usually reliable sources" that the official had called for the evidence in the famous Ipswich case indicating that some other unknown was still prepared to stop the divorce, and prevent the ex-King's marriage to his friend under British law.

For the harassed woman at Cannes, the London *Cavalcade* offered the week's only bright light. While Prince of Wales, it recalled, Edward was named King of the Malatu tribe of Maoris in the South Pacific. Their action was not affected by his abdication. Therefore, the lively

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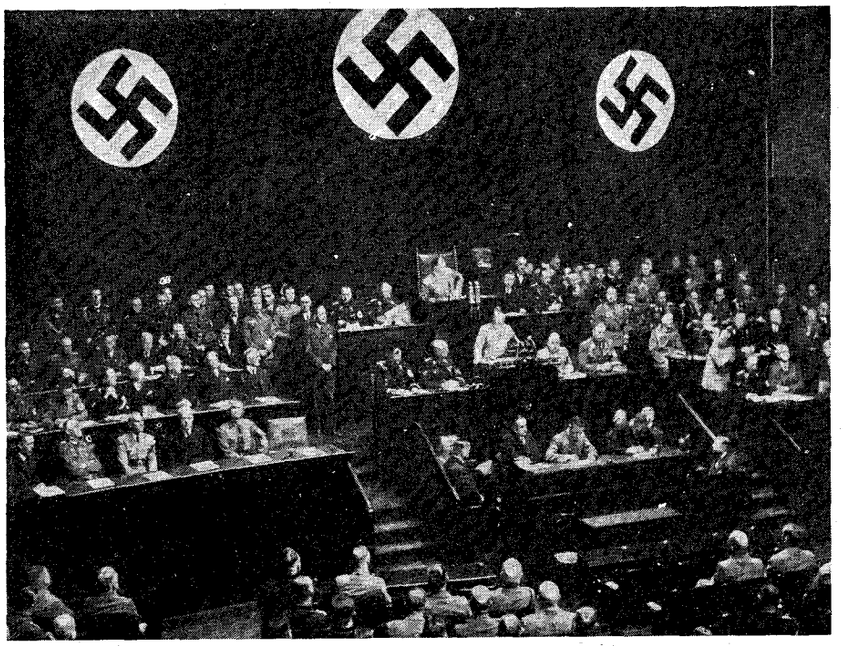
weekly argued, tho the American woman who won the heart of Edward can not be Queen of Great Britain and Ireland or Empress of India, she may still be Queen of the Malatus, far away from London and its crises.

HITLER SPEAKS: Reich Chief Summarizes Nazi Progress, Upholds Honor, Is Conciliatory

That "best paid male chorus in the world," the German *Reichstag*, crowded Berlin's Kroll Opera House Saturday in one of its rare assemblies. Like an enormous jack-in-the-box which had benefited by military training, members bobbed up and down in unanimous approval of the Government's suggestions, and chanted



European

Hitler upheld Germany's honor in Reichstag address . . . members of "best paid male chorus" sang folk songs for $240 a month plus transportation

Deutschland Ueber Alles and the *Horst Wessel Lied*—a performance for which they draw $240 a month and transportation to and from the Capital.

Throughout the Reich, in homes, factories and restaurants, millions of Germans gathered around microphones, under orders. Workers in plants which had no loud-speakers on the premises marched to the nearest radio, to hear Adolf Hitler give the Deputies, and the nation, the story of his achievements.

Four years ago, Hitler said: "Now, German people, give us four years and then judge us! True to the command of the General Field Marshal (the late President Paul von Hindenburg), we wish to begin. . . . For we wish to fight, not for ourselves, but for Germany."

Honor—In his efforts to wipe out the country's status as a pariah among the nations, Hitler boasted Saturday, he had rearmed the Reich and seized the disarmed Rhineland. Still denouncing Versailles, he last week erased one of the most painful of the Treaty's blots on German honor with a few words: "I hereby and above all annul the signatures extorted from a weak and impotent Government against its better knowledge, confessing Germany's responsibility for the late war."

Hoarse with his own emotion, he indicated that the Treaty's one remaining grievance—the "rape" of German colonies—remained unavenged.

Conciliation—With the exception of this passage and bitter attacks on Bolshevism and the League of Nations, Hitler's remarks seemed conciliatory. He promised that the series of "Saturday surprizes"—those sudden coups which have kept Europe nervous for three years—had ended. He praised the candor of Anthony Eden's appeal to him: "There must be a will to cooperate which is unmistakable."

Germany, its Leader insisted, did not seek isolation, and he pointed to the British Naval Treaty, the Polish, Austrian and Japanese agreements, and the close cooperation with Italy, adding: "As to France, Germany has repeatedly and solemnly declared—and I desire to reiterate it here—that between Germany and France there are no humanly conceivable points of dispute and there can be none."

"Companions"—In a peroration to the two-hour speech which left him exhausted, Hitler cried: "I have had in my lifetime three unusual companions. In my youth it was need and suffering that accompanied me for many years. When the war broke out, it was deep sorrow over the collapse of our people which pointed the way for me. On January 30, 1933, I made the acquaintance of my third friend—care and worry for the people and the Reich which had been entrusted to me.

"Now I am happy that I no longer need walk alone and lonely, for at my side walk men whose names in the future will be emblazoned on the pages of German history. And I thank the millions of unknown Germans who have stood by me and the movement—especially the German mothers who have borne children for the Third Reich."

Later that day, all non-members in the Cabinet joined the Nazi Party. Even Baron Constantin von Neurath, Foreign Minister, and Economics Minister Hjalmar Schacht, who during four years resisted incredible pressure to make them sign up, accepted the party's gold badge from the *Fuehrer*.

Satisfaction—Spanish Loyalists rejoiced that Hitler offered them no new threat, no new promise of aid to the Insurgents. Loyalists also took heart from the week's campaign, during which they made gains in the suburbs of besieged Madrid and drove back Gen. Francisco Franco's men at Aranjuez, strategic railway center twenty-five miles southeast of the Capital on the road to Valencia, seat of the Loyalist Government.

The European press, stubbornly looking on the bright side of Hitler's oration, generally found it good. Thus the London *Sunday Times*, tho admitting he had contributed nothing to the troubled international situation, commented: "Yet the door remains open. Once again Hitler has uttered words of peace. . . . The tone and temper of his reply to Eden's speech . . . suggest a wish on his part for further discussion. British statesmen wish it, too."

Italy's newspapers, subtly crediting Mussolini for the mild temper of the address, hailed it warmly.

France received it less enthusiastically.

HINDU WAR: Fakir Harasses British Troops on Northwest Frontier of India

Impregnable, most remarkable of its kind, is the Khaibar Pass in India's Northwest Frontier Province. So long as Britain can defend it against invasion, her vast Indian possessions are safe.

Six years ago, Field Marshal Sir Philip Walhouse Chetwode became Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in India and immediately turned his attention to pacifying the fierce tribes around the Pass, with the object of firmly establishing British control over them.

Last week, the Field Marshal glanced at the long list of casualties from a "war" that has been going on quietly for nearly a year, murmured to an aide: "I wonder whether in England the immense importance of the Northwest Frontier is generally realized."

Guerrilla War—For more than ten months, British troops have been waging guerrilla warfare against the tribesmen of the Lower Daurs in the Khaisora Valley. Unruly, fanatical, the tribesmen continue to ambush the Britishers, sniping at them from the underbrush and brazenly defying air bombers which spray them with machine-gun fire.

The fighting started when thirty-five-year-old Hajji-Mirza Ali Khan, the now famous Fakir of Ipi, led the Moslem tribes against the frontier town of Bannu with the object of intimidating a court of justice. More interested in politics than in religion, the young Ali Khan won the title of Hajji after making the pilgrimage to Mekka. For a few years he tried to impress his tribesmen with his devotion, thus winning the venerable title of Fakir (religious pauper).

But Ali Khan's main object was to exploit the religious differences between his

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fellow Moslems and the Hindus, who live together as unfriendly neighbors. Last April, his religious indignation was fanned to white-heat when he heard that the British were trying the kidnaper of a Hindu girl whom one of his coreligionists had converted to Islam.

Skirmishes—When the trial opened at Bannu, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, he led his tribesmen in light skirmishes around the town, which he threatened to invade. But his men were dispersed and he was forced to betake himself to the neighboring Tori Khel Chiefs, who had shortly before consented to open the Khaisora Valley to the English in return for various reciprocities.

Fearing betrayal, the British protested, only to be told by the Chiefs that they would be unable to stop the Fakir unless the Delhi Government would take action in accordance with the agreement they

Acme

General Ugaki could not cut the Army Gordian Knot . . .

had signed with the *Jirga* (council) of Tori Khel.

Reassured, two British columns were ordered into action. But the ambushers crept over the scrub-covered rocks and sniped at them, killing several officers and men, with all the treachery and high drama of their forebears as depicted in the film, "Charge of the Light Brigade."

"Accounts of the Khaisora Valley fighting," comments the Calcutta *Statesman*, " . . . confirm the original impression that what began as an ordinary column march . . . developed into an affair that may have far-reaching consequences. Altho the unrest would appear to be mainly due to subversive activities of one man working on easily excitable minds, it is possible that the tribesmen have certain legitimate grievances. . . . At best, occupation of tribal territory is a dreary task for the troops concerned. . . . Unfortunately, the local *maliks* (chiefs) who are friendly toward the Government appear to have little or no control over the malcontents, who have lately come under the influence of the Fakir of Ipi. What the real grievances of this section are, it is difficult to discover."

JAPAN'S SHAKE-UP: Cabinet Crisis Passes When Emperor Placates Army

A long leap nearer Army dictatorship was taken by Tokyo last week.

Called by the Emperor to succeed civilian Premier Koki Hirota, hooted out of office by Parliament on January 22, white-mustached, sixty-eight-year-old roly-poly General (but moderate) Kazushige Ugaki struggled vainly all week to form a Cabinet.

Relentlessly boycotted by retiring War Minister Count General Juichi Terauchi, Field Marshal Prince Kanin, Chief of the General Staff, and Inspector for Military Education Gen. Sugiyama (Big Three of the Army), Ugaki gave up at midnight Friday to let some other possible Premier try his hand.

What dark secret in Ugaki's life gave the Army Big Three courage to defy the constitutional requirement that they name a War Minister from the roster of active generals they did not at the time disclose. But when Privy Councillor Eizo Ishizuko informed Terauchi that their boycott of one who had received the Emperor's command looked like a Japanese Army officer's deadliest sin, an "infringement of the Imperial prerogative," Terauchi dropped a hint.

"We would not dream of resisting the Emperor," he said with shocked piety. "Our objection is personal. . . . No officer will accept a post under General Ugaki. . . . Three we have asked declined."

No Details—Murmured slightly more plain-spoken Lt. Gen. Yoshijiro Umezu:

"Details can not be published. . . . The Army opposes Ugaki personally. So there is no need to hear his policies."

Others whispered darkly of a mysterious "injury to unity and control of the Army"; references, so far as any one could judge, to an abortive plot in 1931 in which General Ugaki denied flatly that he was involved.

Except for the Army, every important element in Japan approved Ugaki, regarding him as one of the few, almost the only, available man sufficiently able, and not too old, to cope with the present emergency.

Career—Four times War Minister, with an enviable record as Governor General of Korea, he was considered military enough to placate the Army, level-headed enough to reassure civilians.

Two past deeds, not including the mysterious "personal objection," the Army was known to hold against him. As War Minister in 1925, when every country was disarming, he cut the Army by two divisions.

As War Minister again in 1930, he supported the London Naval Conference which the Army opposed. Logical objector to his London policy, the Navy might have been, but it forgave him.

To repeated appeals from all sides last week for cooperation with the man of the Emperor's choice, the War Office made cryptic answers such as:

"Ugaki fails to grasp the significance of swiftly moving events which make a strong policy necessary."

The words sent shudders down the spines of timid souls reading into the words an early clash with Russia or China on the mainland

As last resort, to overcome the "personal objections," Ugaki offered to withdraw his name from the Army records, to erase it even from the list of generals in retirement, to pretend that he had never been an Army man. To that, too, the Big Three said "No."

Returning home from a late two-hour, no-progress conference with the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and closest Imperial adviser, Kurahei Yuasa, Ugaki saw three men lurking near his home. Calmly he entered. The three youths crashed in behind, found themselves in battle with waiting newspaper men and policemen on special duty.

Subdued by numbers, the youths were identified as, not assassins, but unarmed young civilian Fascist fanatics with a petition. To friends, Ugaki vowed he would continue his task for the Emperor even if his life were in danger.

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. . . which Crown Prince Tsugo No Miya may inherit some day

Once, in 1900, only occasion of a similar Army boycott, the great Emperor Meiji, heavy with years and prestige and backed by Elder Statesmen, revered, but now dead, broke the Government deadlock by *commanding* the retiring War and Navy Ministers to remain at their posts in the new Cabinet.

This step, Prince Kimmochi Saionji, eighty-eight and ailing, only surviving Elder Statesman, hesitated last week to advise to Emperor Hirohito. Knowing then that he was beaten, General Ugaki smiled obliquely, sighed: "I seem to lack the virtue needed," withdrew his candidacy, withdrew also his name from all Army records.

Wonders—Roused at midnight to face the crisis anew, wondering where Japan would be when sweetly-sleeping three-year-old Crown Prince Akahito Tsugo No Miya came to the throne, the Emperor summoned Ugaki's close friend and fellow retired General, Senjurjo Hayashi.

To the sixty-one-year-old, bald, handlebar-mustached veteran of wars and diplomacy in many countries he gave the task of placating the Army.

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Parade

Arriving from Denmark for a lecture tour, **Capt. Peter Freuchen,** six-foot five-inch arctic authority and writer, told of the disdain in which Eskimos hold Indians. "Why, they are so disgusted with each other, they won't even bother to kill one another," he said. "And yet they live in proximity in some sections.

"One time when I was in the North I heard strange footsteps crunching in the snow outside my door. Twice I sent Eskimos out to see who was there; twice they returned saying, 'See nobody.'

"I looked myself, and there were several Indians in plain view. To the Eskimos, you see, the Indians simply do not exist. If there are Indians and Eskimos present, the Indians will only listen if addressed separately. The same is true with the Eskimos."

* * *

"There ain't no law in America that says I can't go around without a shirt," declared thirty-year-old **Clarence Butterfield,** Maine's bearded, long-haired woodsman. The seminaked, modern *Paul Bunyan* was irate at a Farmington constable who objected to his appearance. Weekly he goes five miles to the town for provisions, the rest of the time he lives in the woods. Swinging a four-and-one-half pound ax all day, he cuts and piles cord-wood in record quantities. Butterfield boasts of a one-day record of cutting and piling four cords; another time felling a forty-five-foot birch-tree, ten inches thick, cutting it into cord-wood in six and one-half minutes.

Clad only in pants and felt shoes, Butterfield says he often passes night as well as day in the forest, sleeping in the snow. When he visits his father's home he sleeps on the floor.

Butterfield hasn't shaved or had his hair cut for a year, and only once, when he visited his mother at Lewiston, has he worn a shirt. Constant sunlight has turned his skin almost black, and his back and chest are covered with brush scars.

* * *

Sick and tired of having to wade through dull dates with undesirables, **Denver University** co-eds came right out, told all. For the benefit of prospective male escorts, they listed preferred qualifications in the following order: A pleasing conversationalist; an intellectual; an athlete; the matinée idol type; one who is quiet and reserved; the fellow with plenty of money to spend. At the bottom of the list was the wise guy who "knows it all" and doesn't mind advertising the fact.

* * *

Mysterious as ever, **Walter ("Death Valley") Scotty** turned up in Tucson, Arizona. Reported last week to be broke, more than a million dollars in debt, the elusive proprietor of a desert castle startled bartenders by offering to buy "drinks for the house" and flourished a $10,000 bill. "I gotta stay out of California," he commented. "Them process-servers are trying to catch up with me over there." His wife is suing for separate maintenance.

* * *

"Boners," explained a smiling Buffalo public **school-teacher,** "almost always are found in answer to the simplest questions." Her comment followed discovery of the various ways pupils had spelled President Roosevelt's name in recent examination papers: Rosevelt, Roosavelt, Rosevalt, Roosevalt, Rosavalt.

Courtesy Hollywood Citizen-News

Misses Stone and Breyman swim indoors

Courtesy Hollywood Citizen-News

Harry Hermann, Esq.: fashions for hermits

Wide World

The George Vanderbilts: in quest of new fish

* * *

During Hollywood's freezing-spell, the hardiest of the film lassies took their daily dip in gymnasium pools. Especially girls from the East like **Paula Stone,** daughter of Fred Stone, and **Annia Breyman,** who used to do nip-ups and *pirouettes* on the Metropolitan Opera stage as a dashing *ballerina.* Miss Stone has her toe-nails brightly polished for her swim, but her dancing companion doesn't seem to believe in such frippery.

* * *

"I read what the politicians say and I watch what they do," smiled **James J. Walker,** former Mayor of New York, now turned farmer. "You would be surprized how my sleeves puff with the laughs that run up and down them. Sometimes I believe, as I view the political horizon, that P. T. Barnum should never have left New York."

* * *

"My wife, I married her for herself alone," beamed **Spirison Vasielivitch Ignatovich,** famous Russian chef. "She can not cook. I married her forty years ago, and on the second day I wake up and find she can not boil an egg. One week more, and I know she is hopeless. I can not even learn her. Me do the cooking at home? Ha! She does the cooking at home—the cooking and the eating. Me, I eat right here in my restaurant where everything is good. On Sunday? On Sunday I sleep all day. In the evening I get up and go to a good Russian restaurant and order myself something light, but nice."

* * *

Hollywood Boulevard, in the cinema center, is the scene of many curious sights. Natives, long since shock-proof to any sartorial outbursts of eccentric residents, nevertheless paused to regard the latest dicta in hermit fashions according to **Harry Hermann.** Discarding his summer loin-cloth and sandals, the new streamlined recluse adopted a woolen shirt, a section of a fur coat, sandals, socks, white beret and a muffler to brave the wintry blasts from Cahuenga Pass.

* * *

The **Rev. Clinton C. Cox,** Chicago Presbyterian pastor, maintains women should "unionize to get men away from their present idea that they are doing a girl a favor when they take her out." He averred that women's new-found freedom and modernism had turned out to be something of a green persimmon. As a suggestion, he advised women to stop swearing, using vulgar language, telling off-color stories; to cultivate modesty, stop necking, skip the cocktails; powder the nose, certainly, but cultivate mind, charm and personality.

* * *

To the increasing number of rich scientists and explorers must now be added the names of **George Vanderbilt** and his wife, the former Lucille Parsons of New York City and Palm Beach. Recently they set out from Florida aboard their 175-foot schooner, *Cressida,* for a five-month cruise and scientific expedition to the South Seas. There they will collect new fish for the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, make special studies of the marlin.

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VITAMIN A FOR SAFER NIGHT DRIVING

Cod-Liver Oil Seen as Deterrent For Erring Motorists

Solemnly the judge pronounced sentence on the motorist responsible for an after-dark collision: "I find you guilty of vitamin A deficiency and hereby sentence you to three tablespoonfuls of cod-liver oil a day, and plenty of eggs and green vegetables at every meal."

This sentence, as yet handed down in no court of the land, some day may take rank with "thirty days or thirty dollars" as a standard bit of legal therapy for certain types of automobile accidents.

Last week, Dr. Harold Jeghers, Instructor in Internal Medicine at the Boston University School of Medicine, announced the results of a two-year experiment: Many motorists involved in night-time accidents are neither reckless nor incompetent, but are unconscious victims of an avitaminosis. This formidable medical term simply means a vitamin deficiency.

Hapless Hemeralopes—The particular anti-safety vitamin which Doctor Jeghers drags before the bar of justice is vitamin A. Insufficient amounts of this element in the diet produce a form of night blindness known as hemeralopia. Nutritionists have long known of this strange optical by-product of vitamin A deficiency, but it remained for Doctor Jeghers last week to produce startling figures: Of several hundred persons examined by him, 10 per cent. suffered night blindness caused by improper diet. Hemeralopia victims have difficulty in seeing dimly lighted roads at night, and the glare of headlights is greatly intensified for them.

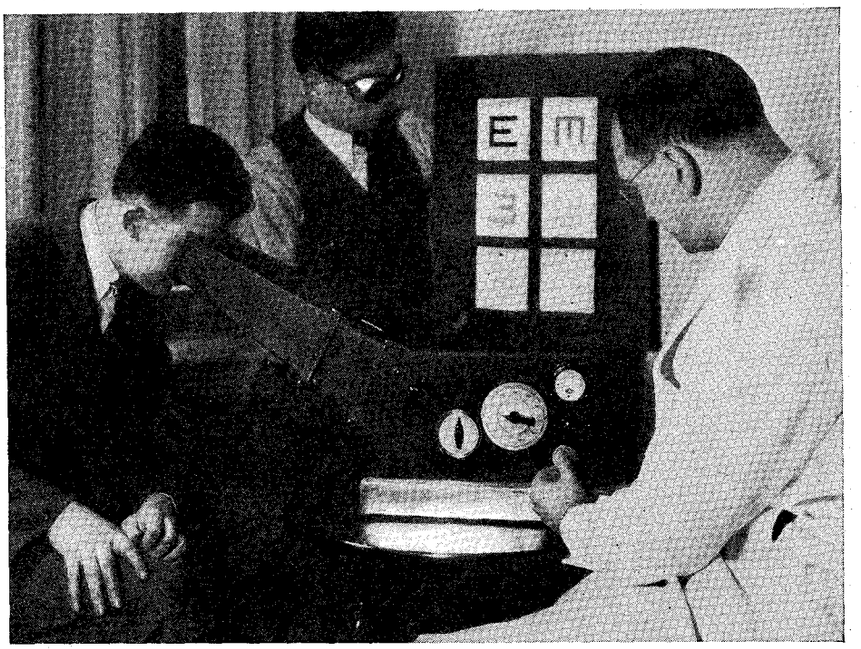
"Night blindness is an early symptom of vitamin A deficiency," says Doctor Jeghers. "This does not mean total blindness, but refers to diminished ability to see when things are dimly lighted."

Movie Gropers—People who have perfect daylight vision may suffer from night blindness when illumination is dim. Going from light into semidarkness, as in a movie theater, the hemeralope is almost completely blind for a brief period until his eyes have adjusted themselves to the darkness. Instead of being able to see dimly, as he should, he is unable to see anything, must grope helplessly for a seat.

No outward physical sign betrays the man with vitamin A deficiency. He usually appears well-nourished. Unaware of his night blindness, he accepts night-driving difficulties as the usual lot of all motorists, becomes an unwitting accident hazard. Vitamin A treatment rapidly restores the night-blind to normal vision. In most cases the vitamin deficiency is traced to improper selection of foods, sickness, or attempts to reduce weight. Convinced that hemeralopia partly explains the high incidence of motor fatalities at night, Doctor Jeghers is continuing his researches in collaboration with Dr. H. R. DeSilva of the Harvard Traffic School.

Potent Family—Hiding behind its alphabetical cloak, vitamin A is a ranking member of a potent clan whose family skeletons have been only partly dragged out of an indefinite number of closets. It is not quite proper to speak of vitamins as a family, for they are extreme individualists and merely share a common responsibility for the dietic weal or wo of the human body. They adopt tantalizing disguises to elude the scientific detective. Out of vitamin A has come vitamin D, and the original vitamin B (now often called the B complex) has been dissected to yield vitamin G and a host of numerical relatives bearing designations from B1 to B6.

Best identified of the vitamins, indispensable to human well-being, are A, B, C, D and G. Vitamin E, sometimes called X, usually described as an antisterility factor, is a late-comer to the fold. Vitamin F has been used in different meanings by different researchers, is no longer widely accepted. Recently a new vitamin named *cholin* was announced, but little is known of it. Investigators generally agree that new vitamins will be isolated, but that they probably will prove to be subdivisions of present vitamins.



To prove vitamin A important to night sight, Doctor Jeghers built a machine

Beriberi—Within the last decade, vitamins have muscled their way in to a dominating place at the dietitian's table, have largely routed calory counting as a diet fad. In the early years of the century, proteins, fats, carbohydrates, mineral matter and water were regarded as embracing all the elements for a well-rounded diet.

But as long ago as 1883, one of the vitamins emerged into scientific company, saw that it was unrecognized, and slunk back into limbo. In that year Takaki, a medical officer of the Japanese Navy, remarked that sailors sent on long cruises often returned suffering from *beriberi*, a nervous disease. Takaki knew that the principal item of diet on Japanese men-of-war was polished rice. Could this staple food have anything to do with *beriberi*? There was one way to answer the question: Takaki arranged a more rounded diet for a crew about to go on an extended trip. When they returned, not a man had suffered from the disease except a few who had stubbornly maintained their right to eat polished rice and nothing else.

Actually, Takaki had stumbled on the trail of vitamin B (or B1), the element which prevents the nutritional deficiency disease of *beriberi*. But no one recognized it at the time. It was not until several years later that investigators, feeding laboratory animals under controlled experiments, discovered that various foods possessed mysterious "accessory factors" necessary for growth and the cure or prevention of *beriberi* and scurvy. The name vitamins was given to these unknown substances in 1912 by a Polish physician, Dr. Casimir Funk.

Source—From the ability of vitamins to prevent or cure deficiency diseases springs the common custom of identifying them as being anti- this or that. Thus vitamin A is the antiinfection vitamin, C the anti-neuritic, *etc.* The best source of vitamins is proper food, with one exception: an adequate requirement of vitamin D is apparently not met by any commonly used food.

Vitamin D is perhaps the most fascinating and temperamental of the whole clan. It is particularly important to growing children, preventing rickets. Until 1922 its identity was linked with vitamin A. In 1924 it was discovered that it can be produced by the irradiation of proper substances by ultraviolet light. Sunlight acts upon a substance in the skin called ergosterol to produce vitamin D, bestowing science's blessing on the vogue for suntanning. It is stored in the body, particularly in the liver; hence fish-liver oils (cod and halibut) are among the richest sources.

Success Story—Within the past two years, vitamin D has outstripped all its brethren commercially. (Vitamin A, also contained in cod-liver oil, is an able partner in many vitamin D enterprises.) D-vitaminized bread and milk, and even breakfast food, have won a wide market. It gets into the products by irradiation or the addition of vitamin D concentrate; by either method, it is the same antirachitic vitamin. Milk is irradiated by being flowed in a thin stream

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beneath ultraviolet lamps. In the winter, natural cow's milk contains no vitamin D; in the summer, there is a negligible content. Ordinary irradiated milk contains one-third the D content of fortified vitamin D milk, the type to which concentrate is added. The D content of ordinary cow's milk can be increased by feeding cod-liver oil to the animal. Practically all the vitamin potency of irradiated milk resides in the cream.

Minimum human vitamin requirements are established as the least amount required to prevent deficiency diseases. Minimum requirements, in most cases, are far below the desirable intake. To maintain buoyant health, about four times the minimum quantity of vitamin A is necessary. It is practically impossible to overvitaminize the body; in general, the more vitamins, the more health. Not so with tricky vitamin D, however. It is the one vitamin in which overdosage is possible (tho extremely improbable). Too much of it causes nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, headaches, hazy memory, other toxic symptoms.

Deficiency—A relative shortage of vitamin A in U.S. diets is regarded as quite prevalent, even among apparently well-nourished people. Doctor Jegher's figure of 10 per cent. is probably a fair indication that one out of ten Americans doesn't get enough vitamin A, suffers for it in lowered resistance to disease. The vitamin is not only antiinfective, but liberal amounts seem essential to buoyant health. The body absorbs vitamin A with amazing speed; within three to six hours the assimilated vitamin is stored in the liver.

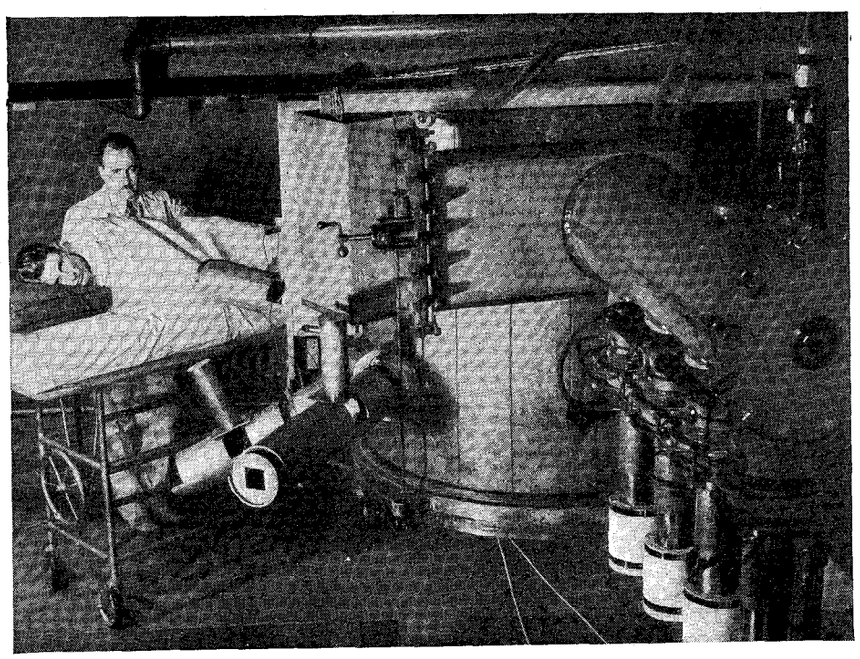
The vitamin is a closely related derivative of carrotin, the substance that makes carrots and some other vegetables yellow. Carrotin is absorbed from the digestive tract and transformed into vitamin A in the body. Cod-liver oil is a rich source. The richest food sources are butter, carrots, cheese, cream, cress, eggs, escarole, milk, parsley, spinach, sweet potatoes.

Teeth—The antiscorbutic vitamin, C, is important to the teeth; they are among the first to feel a deficiency, altho vitamin D as well as the minerals calcium and phosphorus are important in preventing decay. Vitamin C plays an important rôle in immunizing the body to disease, and a deficiency of it lowers resistance to tuberculosis. An ounce of orange, lemon, grapefruit or tomato, a pint of milk or a pound of cooked potatoes supplies the daily minimum requirement. This vitamin protects against scurvy and its practical effects were among the first to be noticed and protected against by the rationing of fruit juices to sailors on British lime-juicers.

Cow's milk is not an important source of vitamin C; light, heat and exposure to air destroys its potency. Ordinary cooked meats and eggs are negligible sources. Most vegetables lose their vitamin C content if stored at room temperatures after harvesting, but refrigeration helps to preserve them. Canned tomatoes or juice are good sources of vitamin C, as are cabbage, cantaloupe, cress, citrus fruits, parsley, peas, raspberries, strawberries, turnips, watermelon.

B Complex—Essential to growth, and particularly to the appetite, vitamin B (or B1) deficiency often is manifested as a form of starvation through lack of interest in food. Latest clinical results indicate that B deficiency is more prevalent than usually thought. The vitamin is not abundant in most common foods, but is provided fairly liberally by the large consumption of those foods. The best sources are whole wheat breads, yeast extract, asparagus; it is present but less concentrated in milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables.

Vitamin G (also called B2) is sometimes described as the antipellagra vitamin, altho latest findings indicate that B6, one of the numerous offshoots of the B complex, is responsible for that factor. Vitamin G was originally differentiated from vitamin B and some functions are not yet separated. It is essential to growth and normal nutrition. Lack of it produces digestive disturbance, weakness, early senility, diminished vitality. Milk is the most important source of vitamin G in the average diet. Good sources are buttermilk, beet-leaves, cream, eggs, ice-cream, milk, liver, spinach, yeast.



Harris & Ewing

A new X-ray machine is death to toxic goiter

GOITER: Thyroid Ailments Affect 4 Per Cent. of Americans, Doctor Reveals

All the thyroxin in the average thyroid gland could be placed on the head of a pin—yet without this tiny amount of potent hormone, human beings would sink into lethargy, dulness, near-idiocy.

On the other hand, too much thyroxin speeds up the body's functions, lashes it to furious energy until, like a steam-engine without a governor, it burns up.

Between these two extremes, the normally-functioning thyroid gland is the master controller of the human machine, a potent personality builder, even a sculptor of beauty: The typical thyroid eye is large, bright, magnetic, the hands of the hyperthyroid long and slender.

These are among the interesting facts on the thyroid gland revealed by Dr. J. Thompson Stevens in his new book, "The Control of Goiter" (A. S. Barnes Co., $2). Goiter is a disease of the thyroid gland, often visible as a swelling in the neck. Doctor Stevens estimates that thyroid ailments affect 4 per cent. of the U.S. population.

Lifelong Disease—Many goiters are harmless, never give trouble; others speed up body metabolism to such an extent that death follows if the outlaw thyroid is not brought under control. Doctor Stevens, a thyroid specialist and Chairman of the Advisory Board of the New York Goiter Committee, believes that goiter is a lifelong disease. It may flare up at adolescence, become quiescent, may develop toxic symptoms in later life.

All vertebrate animals have thyroid glands, may have goiter. Goiter epidemics have even been noted among fish in certain U.S. streams. In man, the thyroid sits astride the windpipe about an inch above the breast-bone. It has two deep-red lobes, weighs one ounce on the average, altho in goitrous enlargements it sometimes attains a weight of several pounds. The gland contains millions of sac-like cells, each about a quarter of a millionth of an inch in size. These cells contain a jelly or colloid substance in which the hormone of the gland whose active principle is thyroxin, is stored.

Types—Two dozen types of goiter have been identified, but these all fall into two great classifications: (1) simple or non-toxic goiter, and (2) toxic goiter.

Simple goiter is a beauty hazard because of its obvious enlargement of the neck, but it is not a threat to health. The enlarged thyroid adjusts itself to furnish hormones at the proper rate. Most sufferers from simple goiter are women, and they often demand that the offending swelling be removed. This usually is a simple and safe surgical operation (altho the thyroid is rarely completely removed, since its excision would require the patient to take thyroid extract for the rest of her life.)

Adolescent or juvenile goiter is another type of simple goiter often encountered in "teen-age" girls. It frequently disappears of its own accord, can often be helped by medication, but is distinctly non-surgical.

Iodin—It has long been known that iodin has an important but imperfectly understood relationship to goiter. It is

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generally believed that endemic goiter (the type which prevails more or less continuously in a given region) in the U.S. is caused by lack of iodin in the diet. In this country, recognized goiter belts exist in the Great Lakes region, along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and the Pacific Northwest. The use of iodin, as in iodized salt, or as a compound added to the water supply of large cities, is believed to be an effective preventive of endemic goiter.

Doctor Stevens warns, however, that iodin is doubtful as a cure, inveighs against self-medication with iodin substances for the reason that increased iodin dosage may disturb the thyroid hair-trigger and turn simple goiter into toxic goiter. If toxic goiter or hyperthyroidism develops, the thyroid begins to oversecrete and the process of tearing down body cells (catabolism) is speeded up enormously. If unchecked, the frenzied tearing down of cells progresses until the victim dies, often of a type of heart disease described as thyroid heart.

Hyperthyroidism—The pulse-rate of the hyperthyroid sufferer may be as high as 150 beats per minute, instead of the normal 72. The heart gallops; the patient is nervous, sleepless, trembling; often has characteristic bulging eyes (exophythalmos). In advanced cases, nausea, vomiting and diarrhea are added symptoms.

The physician who suspects toxic goiter gives his patient a metabolism test, which is the index of the body's rate of living, obtained by noting the time it takes the patient to consume a measured quantity of oxygen.

For the victim of toxic goiter or hyperthyroidism, there are three courses of treatment: (1) medicine, (2) surgery, (3) radiotherapy by Roentgen or X-rays.

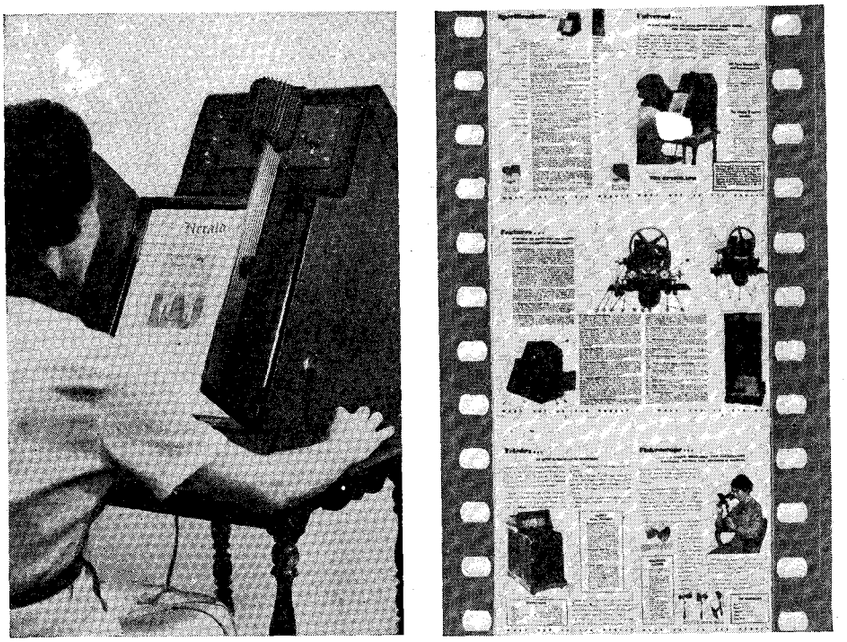
Surgery—Most medical opinion is against the sole use of medicine in treating toxic goiter. As between surgery and radiation, opinion is more controversial. The surgical removal of thyroid tissue is a delicate operation, complicated by the presence of numerous blood vessels in the neck, but so skilled are modern surgeons that the death-rate from the operation is less than 10 per cent., largely patients in whom the disease has progressed to a fatal stage. The problem which faces the surgeon is, how much of the thyroid gland should be removed? If not enough is removed, the toxic symptoms may persist, requiring a second or a third operation. If too much is removed, the gland is unable to supply the necessary hormone in the blood.

In simple goiter, these difficulties are minor; surgical removal is the only accepted therapy. In cases where the goiter presses upon the windpipe, threatening strangulation, immediate surgery is also indicated. There are several other considerations which may make surgery advisable, but most toxic goiter victims may also be treated by radiotherapy.

Radiation — Doctor Stevens, himself a radiologist, gives an impressive account of the successes of X-ray treatment in toxic goiter and hyperthyroidism. From 80 to 95 per cent. complete cures of cases adjudged suitable for radiation have been reported.

Treatment is simple, painless. The patient is exposed to rays which are directed on the thyroid gland for fifteen minutes at a time, once from the back, once from each side of the neck. He feels nothing. A day or two elapses between sittings, and from seven to fourteen courses of exposure are made.

Radiotherapy is like a surgeon's knife. Its danger or its success depends upon the skill of the operator. In the hands of competent Roentgenologists, the radiation treatment of toxic goiter shows a remarkably high percentage of success.



Microphotography—a full-sized newspaper can be reduced to a foot of movie film—a twenty-five-pound book is stored in a roll four inches across

PHOTO LIBRARIES: Microphotography Offers Possibility of Volume Reduction by Camera

An attorney can take his entire library home in his suitcase. Small towns and schools can afford to buy and house the contents of the largest metropolitan libraries. Classics and popular fiction can be sold for ten cents a copy.

At least, librarians predict that microphotography is rapidly bringing this revolution to pass. For 1937 will see the first wide-spread commercial introduction of this process, by which printed matter may be reduced to as much as two-thousandths of its original area.

Already such famed institutions as the New York Public Library, the British Museum, and the Huntington Library in Los Angeles have inaugurated the use of microphotography.

Process—And in Washington, D. C., workers of the Census Bureau are even now busily photographing the 50,000,000 names in 1,024 volumes of the census of 1880. A book is laid flat on a carriage which rolls on a track under a high-mounted camera. A lamp inside the camera throws a rectangle of light on the page. A girl moves the camera to the proper height, turns on four 200-watt spotlights, and presses a treadle. A click, and the exposure is made, the camera moves to the opposite page. And back and forth the camera moves, till the whole volume is photographed.

In this manner a book twice the size of the biggest dictionary, weighing twenty-five pounds and containing 70,000 names, is put on a roll of film four inches in diameter. The complete census record will be stored in twenty-eight ordinary filing-cabinets.

Newspapers and other valuable contemporary records are also being preserved by microphotography. In the New York Public Library, readers can peer at an entire edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* recorded on a few feet of film. Put into a machine resembling a movie camera, the print shows up on a screen at the base of the machine; larger than its normal size and just as clear.

Cost—But this equipment is not out of reach of smaller libraries. Science Service, in Washington, will make microphotographic reproductions at one cent a page. Or, if that is not satisfactory, complete equipment for making and viewing microphotographic reproductions can be purchased for as little as $50.

Minimum equipment would be an Argus or second-hand camera; a home-rigged copying-stand; a developing-tank; and a hand-viewer or a semihand-rigged projector or reading-machine. A few bottles, a safelight, a balance, and a graduate would complete it.

Superior equipment, of course, would cost more. For $5,000, libraries can purchase the very best in equipment.

Viewers designed for home use already are on the market. For as little as $1.50, a little French bakelite model can be purchased. Rear Admiral Fiske, of the United States Navy, developed one that sells for $5. International Filmbook Corporation, one of the leaders in microphotography, is marketing it.

The Eastman Kodak Company manufactures the reading-machine in use at the New York Public Library. Known as the Recordak, it sells for $185 and is regarded as most efficient on highly-reduced film. Another similar machine, the Optigraph, will be on the market soon to sell for approximately the same price. These have self-contained screens, in contrast to the cheaper ones which resemble the old-fashioned stereoscope.

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SUCCESS WITHOUT EDITORIAL POLICY

"Esquire" Flouts Precedent to Gross $3,500,000 in Third Year

Breezing through its prophesied saturation-point like a burlesque queen through a sidewalk revival meeting, *Esquire* added the stares of more than 100,000 new subscribers during the past Christmas season. Swinging into 1937 with 600,000 circulation, the magazine of forty cartoons and as many articles and stories offers a fat bonus to advertisers whose $2,800-a-page rate was based on an A.B.C. circulation of 440,000.

News-stands first braced themselves for their quota of *Esquires* in March, 1933—era of bank holidays and limp *Saturday Evening Posts*. Paying obeisance to the then-current rumor that it cost 28 cents to publish the "National Nickelodeon," high priests of publishing consulted their oracles.

Their interpretations were: (1) middle-class America would not buy a 50-cent magazine which was frankly bawdy; (2) national advertisers, trained in the catechism that women bought 85 per cent. of all consumers' goods, would eschew *Esquire's* for-men-only policy; (3) it would "cost 'em over a dollar to print it!"

Wrong—That the prophets had misjudged middle-class America is all too evident in the 700,000 print order of *Esquire* for the first few months of 1937. That they underestimated the liberalism of national advertisers is obvious in the two-pound-half-ounce January issue containing ninety pages of advertising grossing a quarter of a million dollars (*Esquire* estimates advertising gross for 1937 at $3,500,000).

Not so evident is the inaccuracy of publishers estimating printing costs.

In the window-jumping days of '33, it was not generally known how like his name were the mental characteristics of David Smart, *Esquire* publisher. But the man who was to say: "Let other publications support my writers; I'll give them the fame!" saw 1933 as a buyer's market for bargain printing and paper costs. William Weintraub, visionary copublisher, saw even farther.

"An outfit that can take root in rocky depression soil is bound to flourish when times get better."

The moment was at hand for a noble experiment. Without being soft about it, the two publishers saw in their venture a gigantic promotion campaign for clothiers, with work for writers, artists, editors, paper-makers, printers, news-dealers. They shot their bank-roll—at a figure less than half that hazarded by scoffers.

Printing Costs—An expert on printing costs for national magazines breaks down *Esquire* printing costs in the following way: Based on a 600,000 print order for composition, press work, plates, paper, binding for shipment to news distributers, *Esquire* costs 42 cents a copy, $250,000 an issue, $3,000,000 a year.

Any printing-house, even tho the profit margin be small, would find this nice work if it could get it.

Helping pay off this printing cost is *Esquire's* subscription rate of $5 a year, its even larger news-stand circulation at 50 cents a copy. (Division of income of a news-stand sale on a 50-cent magazine averages 6 cents to the distributer, 10 cents to the news-stand dealer, a cent a copy shipping cost.) To *Esquire* goes approximately 33 cents a copy for more than half its circulation.

Nor is a printing loss of 9 cents a copy hard to face for a magazine which has such a large news-stand circulation. Advertisers know there is no "dead wood" in this kind of sales.

They were willing, in the January issue, to pay a gross of $2,800 a page for nearly 100 pages of advertising—$5,900 for the back cover.

Editorial Costs—The edge *Esquire* has over other national magazines is the low cost of its editorial material. No competitive market jacks up the price of *Esquire* copy. Here is one writer's view-point: "When I have an idea which won't fit the formula of my regular market, I work it out and shoot it to *Esquire*. There's not much money in it—about $200 for a story which would have brought $1,500 had it fitted the requirements of any of the big national weeklies. But *Esquire* serves a useful function—helps to alleviate the pain of sticking to formula writing. Sometimes it's fun to let your hair down—slop over on the intellectual side, the bawdy side—or what have you?"

Leaning heavily on such sexy articles as the anonymous "Latins Are Lousy Lovers" and "The Oldest Profession, Inc.," *Esquire* rounds out its content with articles on sports, books, the theater, *etc.*, dashes off satire and an uneven line of fiction ranging from the literature of Thomas Mann to the elsewhere rejected hack-work of popular magazine writers.

Editorial content, then, averages less than $200 a story against $1,500 to $2,000 for the large national weeklies and monthlies and $100,000 would cover the cost for a year.

Likewise inexpensive are the cartoons, taking at least forty pages of space each issue.

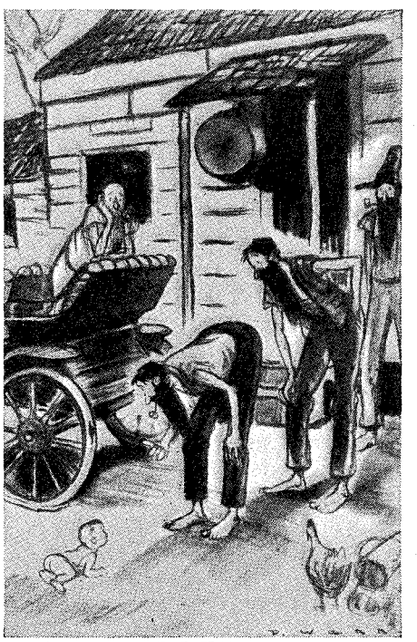
The scale of prices is ridiculously low, considering the experience necessary for this type of drawing—averages about $75 with a low of $40.

About $50,000 a year covers illustrations in *Esquire*.

Staff—Inexpensive at first, and inadequate as well, was the staff getting out *Esquire*. To-day, however, the staff becomes impressive with 275 employees working in and out of New York and Chicago. Under the high-powered Mr. Weintraub, twenty-eight of these are members of the advertising staff; sixteen are artists drawing fashions and arranging promotion layouts.

Courtesy Esquire, Inc. By Howard Barr

"Then I got very mad, because I should have blushed but I couldn't"



Courtesy Esquire, Inc. By P. Webb

"Gawamighty! Gran'maw'd better keep Oncle Rafe tied up—he's chawed a hole clean through the tire"

Under Arnold Gingrich in Chicago are ten editors, an adequate staff for a magazine which buys its material. The circulation department, with fifty-five employees, is the largest unit.

Despite this enlarged organization, Editor Gingrich and press-room foremen live in a state of palsy. Getting the magazine together in three or four places—Mr. Smart doesn't hesitate to grab a couple of his favorite artists and light out on a fishing trip to Florida, while Mr. Weintraub may be covering an advertising firm in Boston or Philadelphia—is a prime *Esquire* idiosyncrasy.

Arnold Gingrich may be lord of letters. But David Smart is a man of ideas; from his Florida outpost he may tear apart an *Esquire* layout which does not include some manuscript he has read on the southbound train—some new set of drawings that "have to run."

Result: the composing-room calling Mr. Gingrich with the information that there is only half an issue of *Esquire* on the presses and asking, "Where's that section due from Florida?"

Esquire has grown fat on tactics which

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would have made a skeleton out of other magazines.

For instance, when *Esquire* was accused of having no purpose in life, publisher Smart replied: "It's as necessary as cigarettes and liquor!"

When carping spinsters wrote in to tell *Esquire* what a malicious and unpolicied publication it was, the editors used the letters to prove reader interest and start that controversial hot-bed of mail known as "The Sound and Fury."

When *Esquire* is barred from the stands of some infuriated foreign country ("Latins Are Lousy Lovers" was barred in Cuba), triumvirate Smart, Weintraub and Gingrich look jovially at the attendant publicity and rising circulation figures.

Not unmixed has been the pleasure of David Smart, figuring his saturation-point at 300,000, then at 440,000, paying a 30 per cent. bonus to advertisers who had made contracts based on lower circulation figures.

"But an ill wind . . ." remarked Smart, after one instance of computing his brilliant loss.

He thereupon proceeded to get out an expensive advertisement proving what a bad judge of his publication's virility he was.

Start—Possibly *Esquire's* birth explains its errant life. Back in the grim days of the depression, Smart and Weintraub were publishing *Apparel Arts*, a trade magazine of men's fashions. They decided to forge the link between retailer and consumer, using reprints from their link between manufacturer and retailer. When friends told them there wasn't a loose 50-cent piece in moratorium-ridden America, they replied: "Well, what can we lose, then?"

The proposed magazine got its title through a fluke. Every title imaginable had been copyrighted. When the firm's lawyer wrote that such possible titles as *Field and Campus* and *Forge and Stream* were "out," he addressed Mr. Smart as "Esq."

"That's our title!" Mr. Smart yelled from his staring at the envelop in council. And with this show of nervous tension, his organization has thrived ever since. Calm, unruffled people do not work for *Esquire*. But *Esquirish* people obviously do. Striding through the salad-bowl of modern and colonial offices may be seen the living fashion plates of the magazine.

Style—"There's something about this magazine that's infectious," is Mr. Weintraub's opinion.

"They may come in here to work looking like Greenwich Village poets. But after a couple of months—well, even the artists wear clothes by Hart, Schaffner and Marx (see advertisement)."

Beyond the idea of high style for men, there is no editorial policy, according to the contradictory Mr. Smart. Soon after the publishing of the first few issues of *Esquire*, an experienced publisher friend told him it was impossible to keep going without an editorial policy.

"Your publications have strong editorial policies and a systematic organization," Smart said, "How are they doing?"

"They're running in the red. But—"

"Then we'll run our publication without policy or system."

From such heretical ideas has grown *Esquire*, estimated to net a profit of $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 the third year after its hectic birth.

Courtesy Esquire, Inc. By Howard Barr

"Here! Talk to my husband — he doesn't believe I have to work late"

Crime

STILL FLOURISHING:

Crime Pays and Pays Well, Says Courtney Ryley Cooper

Across his big desk at the Department of Justice in Washington, Atty. Gen. Homer S. Cummings had been listening raptly for more than an hour to his friend, Courtney Ryley Cooper, America's No. 1 crime reporter.

His teeth gritted and his eyes narrowed as the tall, dark factual *Sherlock Holmes* reeled off tale after tale of incredible municipal graft and corruption, of big-syndicate crime and vice, which he had seen from Maine to California.

Finally, he leaned forward and ejaculated: "Cooper, you've got a lot on your chest."

"Plenty, General."

"Then do something about it. Print it. All of it. Somebody's got to do it, sooner or later."

Cooper thumped his fist on the desk, and strode out. "We'll blow the lid off," he shouted over his shoulder.

Background—Cummings smiled the smile of a city editor sending his ace reporter out on a story. He knew what Cooper could do, how he would do it. At fifteen Cooper had run away from his Kansas City home to barnstorm over the country as newsboy, actor, Secret Service agent, newspaper man, cracking the journalistic hall of fame as the greatest circus press agent outside of Dexter Fellows. For thirty years, he had visited almost every city in the United States, spending a large part of his life in an atmosphere of race-track, gambling-house, bordel and police station. He had covered 200 murder trials, so that at fifty he had more inside information about crime than any other person except the big G men.

A choice slice of this he dished up in "Ten Thousand Public Enemies," a book which he brought out in February, 1935, with a foreword by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Limited of necessity to the crime jurisdiction of the G man, this volume left undisclosed reams of facts and figures touching on the thousand and one ramifications of the national crime picture, focused down to the big city precinct and small-town street corner.

New Attack—After his talk with Cummings, Cooper sifted through this material, decided to fortify it by a fresh swing around the country's crime spots. The result was that this week he got out a sequel in "Here's to Crime," (Boston: Little, Brown; $2.75).

Dedicated to its inspirer, "General" Cummings, "Here's to Crime" has for theme: crime not only is *not* on the wane but, contrary to popular notion, it *does* pay.

And it pays plenty, too, to the 3,500,000 big and small fry who, Cooper discloses, "form the biggest industry in America."

Turnover amounts to $15,000,000,000 compared to the nation's total legitimate business of $60,000,000,000 annually, the writer insists.

Pay-roll: bank "heisters," racket-men, maundering ministers preaching sex to fill pulpits, puffing politicians promising anything from pardons to protection for votes, excitement-hungry girls hurrying to bagnios to become part of municipal corruption, thieves, counterfeiters, murderers, cannibals, mobsters, policy men, thugs and touts.

Rackets Flourish—If all this, three years after repeal, smacks more of fiction than fact, the author reminds his readers that, notwithstanding recent onslaughts against crime and imprisonment of big shots, the old-time rackets still flourish.

"In a half dozen cities," he says, "there are still Capone* Syndicate dog-tracks, Capone Syndicate night-clubs, Capone Syndicate auto salesrooms, Capone Syndicate money in distilleries under dummy names, Capone Syndicate horse-betting joints and bookie joints and houses of prostitution, of which the Big Fellow has his piece, while sentimentalists weep over the fact that, out in Alcatraz, he is supposed to have written a mother song.

"Investigators never have been able to get at his money. Neither were they able to find his Prohibition profits. And where there once was the Hawthorne Smoke Shop (Cicero), sometimes known as 'The Ship' or 'The Subway,' there are now thousands of such gambling and vice places, not only in the vicinity of large cities, but even expanding into municipalities of forty and fifty thousand."

Moreover: "There are comparatively few towns in America above a population of 3,000 in which slot-machines, punchboards, horse joints, the numbers, bolita,

* Cooper reveals the interesting historical note that altho the current American crime syndicate system owes its origin to the portly Alphonse Capone, the ex-Chicago vice baron derived his set-up not from the Italian *Mafia* but from the Chinese gangs. The Red Gang was started in the fifteenth century, the Green Gang, an offshoot of the Buddhist religion, about the same time. To-day, both are all-powerful in China; deed and methods, according to the author the same as Caponeism. The tongs, he adds, introduced the business in the United States.

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or some other form of lottery does not flourish. A gross population of 80,000,000 is dallying with $6,000,000,000 in winnings and losings, of which all but about a billion goes through the hands of the underworld. Gambling is handled by syndicates which may be 1,000 miles away."

Example—How do they get away with it? Well, there's Johnny the Guy, for instance. He comes under the chapter, "A Man About to Die"; and you can find him, says Cooper, in almost every big city—to-day. Johnny is the generic racketeer, his life a modern story of how a racket starts and ends, but pays while it pays. An undersized rodent he was, beginning his career soon after the World War as a tout—and a very poor one—and he possessed the overdeveloped ego typical of his ilk.

From a battered auto he used as a taxi in a street-car strike in a Chicago lakeside suburban town, Johnny launched into the taxicab game, hooked up with Dressed-up Eddie, big town gangster on the "lam" there to escape comrades turned avengers. Eddie got Johnny and a parcel of others to start the Lake Shore Voters' League. It cost him $100,000 in picnics, excursions, athletic clubs, food and funerals, free shows and jobs and doctors.

"He looked upon a district full of ballots in exactly the same manner as a farmer looks upon fallow ground, as something to be cultivated—at no expense to the land—for his own profit," as Cooper put it. He wanted votes, and got them.

Well, Johnny soon sprouted out with a headlight diamond, a $60,000 home, a fleet of sleek taxicabs catering chiefly to the town's underworld, now growing up. Taking over the police department in a vote-herded election was easy; taking over the District Attorney easier. Gambling-houses mushroomed. Magically, almost, slot-machines appeared everywhere. The numbers, or policy, game followed. Pennies and $100 notes flowed in so gushingly that, all calculated on the cuff and split in a score of "pay-offs," arithmetic became a dizzy affair.

Johnny came to grief a year ago. Caught in the political turmoil of his gang, he had to "take it on the lam" quick, hid in a slatternly house in Philadelphia, fully aware that they'd get him. And they did.

Politics—Adds the author: "Many of the same local enforcement officers who took money during booze-running days are still taking it for protecting other forms of crime. Some of these men were only patrolmen in the '20s; they are sergeants or captains to-day.

"Crooked politicians can be wiped out only by eliminating the conditions upon which they feed. Johnny and Eddie gave their pawns something which they otherwise would not get, and which society turns over to the all-too-often inhibited, crosspatch, sexless, unsympathetic and coldly condescending settlement-worker. In the last thirty years, it has been my lot to visit practically every city in the United States. I have found few where crooked political control was not synonymous with poverty and ignorance."

There's Eddie Bentz, too. He's a *de luxe* bank heister, or robber, a collector of old books, a camera fan, with a hundred "can crushings" to his discredit. He was at it for nearly twenty years, and it was a bad year in which he did not make $75,000—the salary of the President of the United States. G men finally caught up with him a year ago on a Vermont job.

Alvin Karpis is another example. In ten years, he took part in fifteen bank robberies, three kidnapings, some murders. Annual income: $60,000. He was finally put away for " life," which, Cooper points out, is about fifteen years to-day.

The Federal authorities, however, have made bank robbing a non-paying business. Once there were 200 robberies a year; to-day, there are fifty. And insurance rates are down. This change has been wrought in the past thirty-five months. According to Cooper, the underworld gives John Dillinger, No. 1 bank heister, credit for one thing: he was such a bungler and wanton killer, the profession dropped from its

Keystone

Courtney Ryley Cooper; crime writer: "We'll blow the lid off"

status of the most lucrative of violent crimes to its present low estate.

"Had there not been graft, inefficiency, ignorance of proper law-enforcement methods and absolute crookedness in enough communities of America to make the situation an exceedingly dangerous one," the author of "Here's to Crime" declares, "there would have been no need for such a prison as Alcatraz Island. Practically every man now confined there was for years a consistent and persistent violator of local State laws before he turned to breaking Federal ones."

Sheriffs—The business of being sheriff to-day, he adds, is largely that of being a barnacle; the job has become archaic, poorly supported by appropriations, without sufficient personnel. Thus much of sheriffs' work falls on the shoulders of the Federal enforcement agencies. In fact, Cooper stresses that in countless places the local enforcement bodies either refuse to cooperate with the outside authorities, or at best are lukewarm to them.

And there's no chance of a national police force, Cooper thinks. Reason: Congressmen come from communities, and in Cooper's words: "There are not twenty first-class cities in the United States which could come through a searching inquiry by a fearless, vigilant, efficient and militant investigative body, free of political interference, without at least a dozen persons of so-called prominence in each community being headed for the penitentiary."

In support of this judgment, he says: "All of this material has been piled up, not as a determined effort to unearth, but merely as run-of-the-mill information encountered in efforts to bring Federal offenders to justice. Its publication in all details would make a bigger shake than the San Francisco earthquake, but, if the past is a criterion, it will gather dust as a subject not to be disturbed. Officials will even deny that they possess it *en masse*. Only that part of it necessary in court trials for the conviction of an offender ever meets the light of public notice."

Courtney Ryley Cooper rushes thus through nearly 500 pages, tearing open the curtains which hide the big and small doings of the gangsters and grafters. Chapters on prostitution, white slavery, vice and morals squads, and those who fatten off them, will not be read without shocking the most callous of readers. The latest inside information on crime tactics produced the fact that gangsters now are using a revolver, which, with the impact and velocity of a high-powered rifle, will kill a man a mile away and has outmoded all protective police equipment.

Cooper's theme that crime *does* pay and pays well is bolstered with so many thumping facts that one wonders where he got them. Summed up, they say, in the author's own words: "Let's be sensible regarding this drivel that crime does not pay. The slogan was conceived by some well-meaning sentimentalist who believed the phrase would become a bogy-man to frighten little boys and girls into security against temptation. It might have accomplished its object, except that the juvenile mind is so constructed that one motion-picture, depicting a machine-gun murdering gangster in heroic attitudes, is sufficient to kick all the slogans out the nearest window."

Incidentally, he says, nobody in the criminal world "pays for crime"; he "gets in trouble" or is a "loser." More than that, "true crimesters regard the electric chair as having been built for suckers."

Author's remedy for conditions: restore the law to its majesty through a persistent campaign, also reestablish the contumely and stigma which should attach to one who has offended.

Education

COMELY CO-ED: Beautician Teaches Collegians Art of Delicate Pulchritude

"What's wrong with my hair?"

A timid, round-faced lass of eighteen peered at herself in the mirror-lined wall opposite the tall glass cabinets of cosmetics. She sat at a dressing-table in the sunshiny, modern studio waiting to see Miss Pauline Crook, director of the Beauty Consultation Service at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri.

Her hair was golden and lovely, but it

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stood up all over her head like a tousled mop. Nor was her face groomed *à la* Joan Crawford or, for that matter, *à la* average college miss. She was painfully shy—a campus wallflower.

Presently Miss Crook stood beside her. "Why, you are perfectly lovely, Grace—only you don't know it," she soothed. "You need a lot of attention."

All's Changed—Half an hour of the cosmetician's expert attention, and Grace walked out of the studio, a new and lovely creature, sleek-haired, glowing of skin and no longer painfully shy. A year later, she had an important secretarial position in Iowa.

Like thousands of sweater-clad, oxford-shod, curly-headed students at Wisconsin, Cornell, Vassar, Mills College, Southern Methodist, Sweetbriar and other schools, Grace had sought eagerly for beauty, didn't know how to get it.

Yearly, college girls spend from $2 to $65 on cosmetics, $1 to $125 on professional hair-dressing. Following high-pressure advertising, their favorite movie star or Mrs. Simpson, they imitate the wrong people, when they should be trying to look like themselves.

They dream of a beauty transformation by a Hollywood or Fifth Avenue beauty magician, never get it. Since Eunice Fuller Barnard, in *McCall's Magazine* last September, told them Stephens's junior college girls do just about get it, other girls have deluged the writer, the magazine, fatherly President James Madison Wood of Stephens and their own school authorities with letters wanting to know why they, too, can't have free beauty advice right on the campus.

Job Aid—Twenty-three major colleges and universities have written to Doctor Wood for information; Miss Crook and Miss Myra Jervey, Stephens's fashion consultant, were at Agnes Scott College in Alabama and Florida State College last week in conference about the plan. *McCall's* Associate Editor, Hildegarde Fillmore, was enthusiastic about the beauty service's help to college graduates looking for jobs. "They don't realize the high standards of grooming that prevail in the business world," she said. "This will make them." New York University announced its second semester of a course in cosmetic hygiene taught by Scientific-Cosmetician Florence E. Wall.

To Stephens's 930 girls who daily from 8:30 to 5:30 flock in for half-hour consultations, young, dark-haired Pauline Crook gives the professional, sympathetic attention she gave to the problem of pale, frightened Grace from Iowa. Here is what she did for Grace—and varies to suit other girls' needs:

Art—Gently and expertly, she combed and coaxed the bushy locks into a smooth, shining cap, edged with tiny curls. Then Grace wanted to know why her skin was "bumpy," why she didn't "glow" like the other girls.

"College girls have blemishes mainly because they either eat too many sugars, starches and fats or because they don't do a good job of washing their faces each night," Miss Crook explained. "Use a wash-cloth, warm water, bland soap and scrub away. . . . But don't forget to wash behind your ears and around your hair-line; most of them do. You may rub on a light cold cream to soften your skin before you go to bed if you like."

Marian Stephenson

Attention to individual characteristics is important in beautifying the American co-ed

Next the director explained that it is always false economy to use cheap, inferior cosmetics.

"You don't 'glow,' as you say," she went on, "because you don't wear any make-up. Now look!"

A touch of light rouge high on the girl's cheek-bones slenderized her round face, deepened the brilliance of her blue eyes; straggling blonde eyebrows were thinned into shape; warm-toned powder—just a little—brought life to her pallid face; soft, red lipstick defined her really lovely mouth; a touch of rich oil to her brows and lashes made them visible.

Grace "glowed" then. She listened eagerly to Miss Crook's advice about constant, meticulous care of the nails, the skin—all over, the hair and the teeth, about true cleanliness in preference to the slap-dash kind.

The experience gave her beauty she never thought she had and self-confidence that landed her a job.

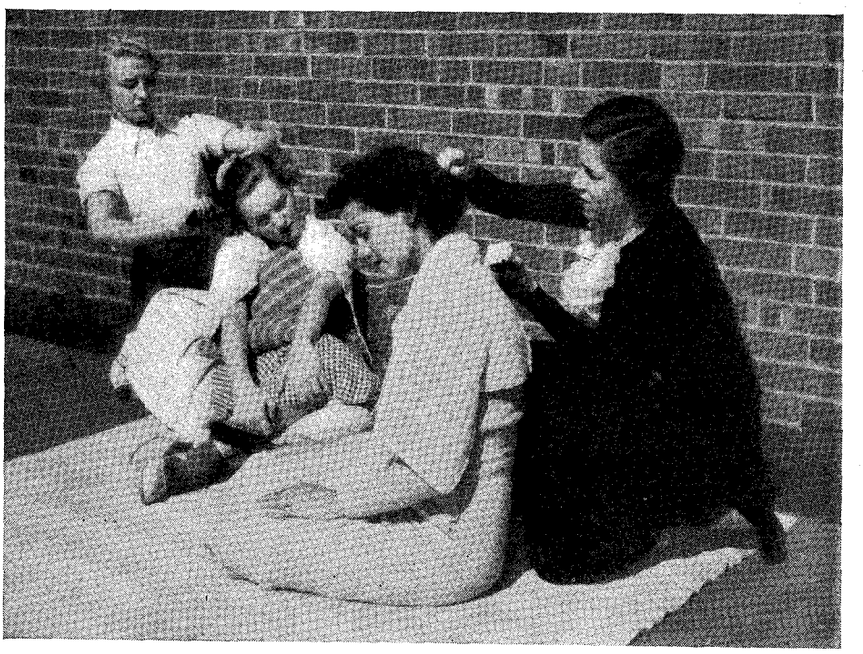
Improved Looks—In the two and a half years since President Wood brought Miss Crook, a premedical graduate, from a hair-stylist job in a Sioux City, Iowa, department store to give "his girls" an education in beauty, Stephens students already have become better looking. The idea came originally from Hollywood. The President's old friend, Mrs. Catherine Gibbs, and her daughter, Kay Francis, best-dressed woman in Hollywood, had suggested: "Why not show college girls how they can emphasize their best features by skilful hair arrangement and artistic use of make-up?"

Another Hollywood friend and former Stephens girl, Joan Crawford, was enthusiastic about "Daddy" Wood's plan to eliminate social and academic "misfits" by giving them confidence in their looks. He already, through Adrian, the designer, had obtained a fashion consultant, Miss Jervey, who'd been trained with Patou, Muriel King and other *couturiers*.

Psychologist Louise Price, of Stanford University, had found for Doctor Wood five years ago that of Stephens students, 20 per cent. thought they were wallflowers, 10 per cent. were afraid of their voices, 5 per cent. were conscious of being badly dressed.

Treatment—So the wallflowers got social dancing; the silent ones got a course in conversation technique, and the *Cinderellas*, a fashion beauty service. Not 5 per cent., but 75 per cent., among them the school's belles, demanded this advice, so last week Doctor Wood was in New York looking for an assistant to Miss Crook.

All because he believes the individual development of *Mary Jones* is a more important educational function than the coddling of intellectual giants. Other schools seem to be catching the idea, altho the 1937 college girl is better dressed, more natural, more poised, than the post-War flapper. She copies the svelt dignity of Kay Francis instead of the flamboyant curves and colors of Clara Bow.



Marian Stephenson

The value of sun on hair is stressed by a Stephens College beauty consultant

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"MAID OF SALEM" STARS NEW COLBERT

Portrayal of Witchcraft by Paramount Emerges as Hit

Ten months hence, flustered cinema critics, matching their judgments against a torrent of film, will choose the best ten motion-pictures of 1937. Almost certain to be on that desirable list is "Maid of Salem," Paramount's shrewd, melodramatic blending of romance and witchcraft.

Soon to be released, this poignant photoplay gives Claudette Colbert, graduated now from the comely ranks of mere "legs" actresses, her best opportunity, and she fulfils it in every foot of film.

Bradley King, studying the psychological bases for the New England witchcraft terrorism, found in the dismal case-notes the material for an original motion-picture. The original author, buttressed by Walter Ferris and Durwood Grinstead, accomplished a cinema-story in which a supplementary romance weaves along, while the gripping document of mob hysteria dominates the screen.

Director Lloyd—To Frank Lloyd, sagacious director, goes appreciation for successful accomplishment of a difficult, treacherous job: making the witchcraft subject authentic and acceptable to modern audiences. His direction, at all times in complete discipline, accomplishes this and achieves long moments of real power.

Miss Colbert plays a Salem girl haunted by memories of a mother who was convicted of witchcraft and burned at the stake. Later, innocent circumstances, set aflame in the community by a vicious, neurotic child, rise to convict her.

Of necessity, "Maid of Salem" owed whatever success it might achieve to minuscule attention to details, to factual recital of Salem's witch hysteria in 1692.

Story—The scenarists and Mr. Lloyd bore down notably on making decisively clear the temper of Salem's people. Out of that rises an understanding of the motives which goaded otherwise honest, truthful and churchly souls to give false testimony against friends and neighbors.

Suspense is furnished by the not precisely new trick of making it essential that the accused girl doom herself because she will not betray her refugee lover to the mob. Happily, a Hollywood contrivance, he rushes back in time to save her. It is the only wavering moment in an otherwise sturdy screen tale.

Cast—An exceptional cast supplies the forbidding, bleak background of human fears and hatred. Gale Sondergaard is brilliant as a jealous wife of a doctor. Beulah Bondi is complete in the role of a fear-paralyzed woman who seeks safety in magic potions. Fanatics and religious bigots abound, and there is a stunning performance in a small part by Madam Sul-te-wan as a black slave who seeks release in voodoo.

Bonita Granville, the terror who caused all the havoc in the memorable "These Three," is the neurotic child who set Salem on a witch-hunting orgy. Bennie Bartlett, Virginia Wiedler and Babs Nelson, the other children, supply a realistic background to Bonita's fury.

From every reasonable point of view, "Maid of Salem" is a remarkable achievement. From direction to photography, encompassing some of the most superb acting seen in months on the screen, it merits the success it is certain to have.

LANG REPEATS: German Director Betters "Fury" in "You Only Live Once"

Monocled Fritz Lang, German refugee director who stormed Hollywood last year with his work on "Fury," lost the annual New York Film Critics Award because he permitted a dough-soft, compromise ending to addle an otherwise stirring film.

He takes no such chance with "You Only Live Once," another grim, sometimes brutal indictment of the social system. The ending is pig-iron and flint. Unhappily, for all that it is excellent melodrama and better than usual film fare, the new Lang picture probably will not be 1937 prize material. But it will be registered among the best of the year, as was "Fury."

This time, Mr. Lang larrups that large portion of society which instinctively rebels against giving an ex-convict a full opportunity to rehabilitate himself.

Rival Aids—He starts with a three-times convicted man who is released because his fiancée is loved by her employer, the Public Defender. The warden warns him that a fourth conviction means life imprisonment. His rival not only has him released, but gets him a job—as a truck driver.

Eddie Taylor is fired when, showing a farm he wants to buy to his bride, he is late with a delivery. He pleads for a second chance and is bruskly refused. A few days later, a gunman wearing a gas mask overcomes the guards on an armored truck with bombs, steals the truck. It contains a million dollars.

A hat with the initials E. T. is found at the scene of the robbery and Eddie is arrested, charged with the murder of six persons and theft of the money. It is proved the hat actually was his. Because of his previous record, his defense that the hat was stolen from him is ridiculed. He is sentenced to the electric chair.

A few hours before his execution, after his wife and the Public Defender have given up hope, he cuts his wrists with a bent tin cup, fights the prison hospital attendants and is sent to the isolation ward. There, as planned, he finds a gun under the mattress. He pokes the gun in the doctor's ribs and using him as a shield, gets as far as the prison yard.

Release—There, in the fog, he demands that the truck gate be opened or he will kill the doctor. In the midst of the turmoil, a flash comes from Washington that the truck has been found at the bottom of a river with the bandit inside, drowned. *Taylor's* release is ordered. He believes it a trick when they tell him. The prison chaplain tries to convince him and is killed by *Taylor*. He escapes, joins his

Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney find time to play cosy in a movie of bandits and guns

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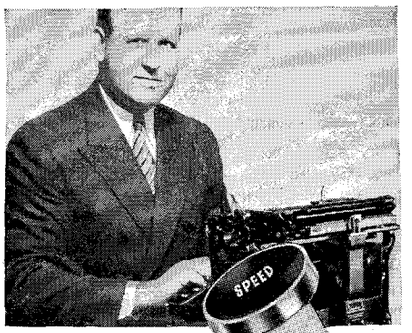

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wife and they are hunted for days. Finally, they are trapped and shot dead.

Throughout, Lang plants moments at which *Taylor* might actually have achieved rehabilitation if society had let him.

Henry Fonda, his sweetness and cornhusking simplicity shed for the moment, is better than usual in the *Taylor* rôle. Sylvia Sidney supplies a matching performance as the girl. Walter Wanger made the picture.

Leo Mishkin, the New York *Morning Telegraph:* "What the picture sets out to do is wholly admirable. It is only in falling short of its goal that it loses its strength. . . .

"A brilliantly handled melodrama of an ex-convict and a girl. Brilliantly handled, but just melodrama."

Music

ANTIARTIST: Concert Managers Aline to Halt Ban on Entry of Foreign Talent

"You can't deprive American audiences of men like Fritz Kreisler and Arturo Toscanini."

Three weeks ago, concert managers from all over the country met in New York City, and with this as their battle-cry threw themselves into a fight to stop favorable Congressional action on the Dickstein Bill. As most vitally concerned parties, they organized the Concerts Association of America. Simultaneously, they pledged themselves to oppose this measure, "calculated to impair the present standards of musical life by restricting the entrance of foreign artists to this country."

As the House Immigration Committee organized last week, however, the Dickstein Bill's originator, Chairman Samuel Dickstein (Dem., N. Y.) appeared certain to push his pet measure through the House of Representatives as easily as he did once before. At the end of the last session of Congress it died in the Senate.

Harris & Ewing

Lawrence Tibbett and Samuel Dickstein agree Uncle Sam is a sucker for foreign artists

Russian-born Samuel Dickstein defends his bill hotly. "*Uncle Sam* is now the fall guy for all the foreign actors, artists and musicians who come over here and earn a pocketful of money and then go back to their own countries," he says. "Ninety-five per cent. of them are no good anyway."

American artists, seemingly, are in favor of the bill.

Last June, when it was first proposed, Lawrence Tibbett, Efrem Zimbalist and Charles Hackett went to Washington to advise on the drafting of it.

Hackett, a leading tenor with the Metropolitan Opera Company, thinks the managers have the wrong idea about the bill. "We are not attempting to keep out reputable foreign artists," he said. "On the contrary, what we are trying to do is restrict the number of mediocre foreign artists who come over here and absorb work for which we have Americans just as competent.

"This bill shuts no doors to foreign artists who have something unique to offer. It does direct the Secretary of Labor to seek the cooperation of artists' organizations in determining who these people are."

Hackett and Tibbett have placed behind the bill their organization, the American Guild of Concert Artists. Among the directors are such diverse artists as Fred Waring, Jascha Heifetz, James Melton, Gladys Swarthout and Earnest Schelling.

As members of one of the organizations sure to be consulted if the bill passes, they do not see an America devoid of foreign stars.

"We could not possibly make up the complement of an opera company, for instance, without Europeans who have had the diversified experience necessary to play a variety of rôles," Hackett said.

Opposition—Fred Schang, of Columbia Concerts Corporation, is a member of the Committee directing the fight against the bill.

"Such irreplaceable artists as Lily Pons and Kirsten Flagstad (both Metropolitan sopranos) came to this country with no reputations and little ballyhoo," he points out. "We can't run the risk of missing potential stars. The loss would be to American audiences.

"Besides, America is a relatively young country artistically, and we can afford to absorb foreign talent. The foreigners being booked here only amount to a handful, anyway.

"More than 80 per cent. of the people now performing on the American concert stage are Americans."

Schang suspects the artists of chauvinistic motives.

"Many foreign countries, particularly the Fascist ones, have laws restricting the number of foreign artists who may perform there. Americans figure the Dickstein Bill will give them something with which to dicker with those countries to gain admission."

Schang also contends the Dickstein Bill would leave the way open for racketeering. "They can't have any way of discovering if an artist is good enough to be admitted if the person is over in Europe," he said.

Other Barriers—Tho American musicians protest innocence of any such ideas, Representative Dickstein confesses that his bill was designed with an eye to reciprocity.

"England, Germany, France, Italy, and all the main countries absolutely bar our artists from performing. Under the terms of my bill, it would be a two-way proposition."

Nevertheless, the Dickstein Bill is worded: "A Bill to protect the artistic and earning opportunities in the United States for American actors, vocal musicians, operatic singers, solo dancers, solo instrumentalists, and for other purposes."

Meanwhile, Sen. Richard Russell, new head of the Senate Immigration Committee, has expressed himself in favor of the bill.

He can not see, he asserts, what objections the opponents of the bill (whose arguments he has not heard) might have.

Sources close to the President have indicated that he will sign the bill if it is passed.

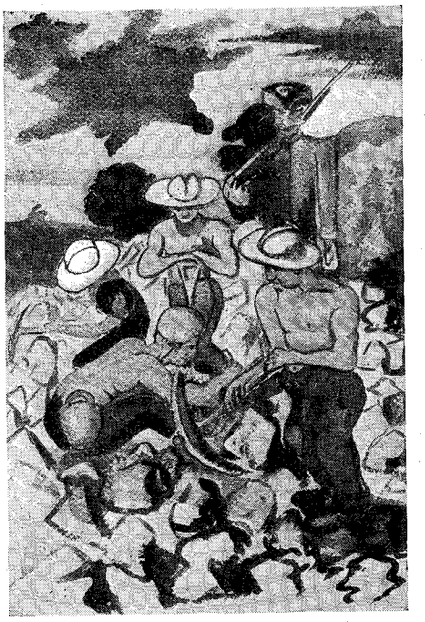
Art

SIDE-LINES: Dos Passos and Broun Excel in Dual Expressions on Canvas and Paper

John Dos Passos doesn't know when he started to paint, because he can't remember back to the time he didn't. Few people have excelled in a double-barreled means of expression, and tho Dos Passos doesn't expect his painting ever to lift him to the peak his writing has, he intends to continue his vivid-hued sketches. Thirty of them are currently being shown at the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York. Painted during the past ten years, they prove the author's ability to handle paints with the same facility he uses when he weaves words into the highly colored tapestry of his novels.

These water-colors and *gouaches** range in subject from scenes he wrote into "Orient Express," a still life of an eggplant and lemons, to a bird's-eye view of a national convention. Tho they are sensitive

*Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary defines *gouache*: A method of water-color painting with opaque colors, mixed with water, honey and gum.



Water-color is a convenient medium for painting when John Dos Passos travels

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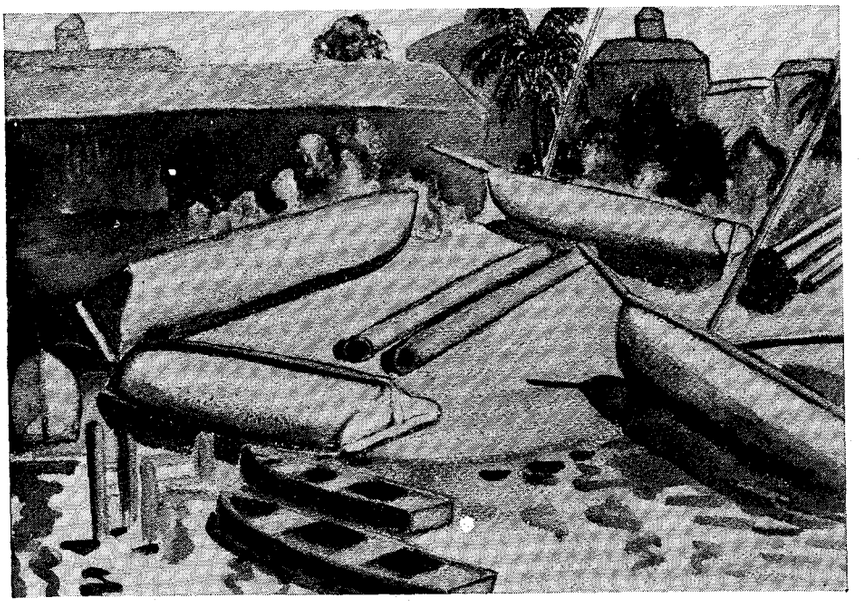

Passos's gouache of Provincetown proves an equally free hand with pen and brush

expressions, they are as clearly defined as his hard-boiled wordage. None of them has a touch of the academic. The novelist splashes on the color with the same free hand he uses to invent word combinations.

Water-Colors—Altho Dos Passos occasionally experiments with oils, he doesn't think he will ever do much in that medium. "Water-colors are too convenient. They're simple to travel with, they dry quickly, and I like them."

He veered close to becoming a professional artist after leaving Harvard in 1916. Then he went to Spain to study architecture, but drifted, instead, at the age of nineteen, into the French ambulance service, and was sent to Italy. He did a great many sketches there—"You had to keep busy when there was nothing to do"—some of which were exhibited when he published "Three Soldiers."

Without benefit of any lessons, Dos Passos has continued his painting. He doesn't indulge in it to relax from writing because he finds it equally hard work. For each finished picture he makes several painstaking preliminary sketches. His entire technique is far from slap-dash. When a painting refuses to turn out the way he planned it, he puts it away for a while, rather than take a chance at spoiling it.

"Then when I think I can solve the problem, I take it out again and gnaw at it. I have to work that way. There are no second chances with water-colors."

Individualist—As no one taught him to paint, no artist has influenced his style. He says that some of his pictures would never have existed if he had not seen Matisse's work. He admires Picasso and Miro, but makes no attempt to paint in their manner.

Surréalism he finds entertaining up to a certain point.

"A certain amount of leg pulling is fun for a while, but it gets grim quickly. It goggles up the public's opinion of graphic art."

Aside from these sketches, Dos Passos has designed dust-jackets for two of his books, "Manhattan Transfer" and "The Garbage Man"; the sets for his play, "The Moon is a Gong," and a curtain for "Revue Negre," the musical show that launched Josephine Baker on a wave of Parisian popularity.

Dos Passos is not the only writer to take leave of his typewriter and try a brush instead. Aldous Huxley, while he paints infrequently, is said by his friends—he has never publicly shown his work—to have a talent that ranks well up with the best of the moderns. Heywood Broun finds time between his stint of six columns a week to produce fifty or sixty canvases a year. He claims the unofficial title of the world's fastest painter and says he is able to finish off any scene or subject in half an hour flat. The late Arthur Brisbane owned a Broun for which his sister paid $125.

Broun Collection—The owner of the largest collection of early Brouns is a woman in Oyster Bay, Long Island, whose name the columnist has forgotten. Broun is strictly a seasonal painter. He finds the summer best suited to his purposes, because if he gets more paint on himself than on the canvas, a near-by lake is the best means of disposing of it.

Last month, Providence, R. I., devoted an entire gallery to painters who worked at something else as a vocation. The show, by amateurs, included oils, water-colors, charcoal, prints, photography and even sculpture. Impressed critics lauded the work as equal to that of many professional painters.

Elof Wedin—Minnesota has a coming young artist, Elof Wedin, whose paintings are currently being shown, who earns his living covering boilers with asbestos. In his evenings and on Sundays he has been studying painting earnestly, and the result of his first few years' work promises great possibilities.

The Cunard White Star liner *Franconia*, plying her way around the world on a cruise, exhibits six marine paintings in the lounge by a member of the crew, Harry Cowper. He has spent almost all of his fifty years at sea, sailed round Cape Horn eight times before he was twenty and has dabbled in a paint-box on every trip. He has received several commissions from passengers on various trips, and next year he hopes to strike out the Able Seaman which follows his name and replace it with Marine Painter.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

anesthetist.—"H. B. W.," New York City.—The correct pronunciation is *an-es'thi-tist*—*a* as in *fat*, *e* as in *get*, *th* as in *thin*, first *i* as in *habit*, second *i* as in *hit*.

Baker, Howland, and Jarvis Islands.—"R. S. K.," New York City.—The statements referred to are erroneous. These islands are under the sovereignty of the United States. There is no record that any foreign state has ever asserted a formal claim to sovereignty to the islands. On the contrary they have been under the jurisdiction of the United States for a long period of time. On August 16 and 24, 1857, respectively, Commander Charles H. Davis of the *U. S. S. St. Mary's* took formal possession of *Jarvis* and *Baker Islands* in the name of the United States. The Secretary (or Acting Secretary) of State, acting under the Guano Act of August 18, 1856, issued on August 7, 1860, to the United States Guano Company of New York, a certificate with respect to *Howland Island*, and on March 2, 1861, to the American Guano Company of New York, a similar certificate with respect to *Baker* and *Jarvis Islands*. Each of these certificates, after reciting the earlier discovery of guano on the islands by Americans, and other facts, recognized that the company named therein was entitled, with regard to the guano on the appropriate islands, to all the privileges and advantages intended by the Guano Act. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that such a certificate is equivalent to a declaration that the President considers the island named "as appertaining to the United States." The President, by Executive Order No. 7368 of May 13, 1936, placed *Baker, Howland,* and *Jarvis Islands* under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior for administrative purposes, and Congress by House Joint Resolution 639, approved June 23, 1936, appropriated $35,000 for the administration of these "islands of the United States" by the Division of Territories and Island Possessions of the Department of the Interior.

lacrosse, origin of.—"J. O'M.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Lacrosse* was a game played by the American Indian, tho the name was given to it by early French settlers in Canada who took up the sport. The game is now called the national game of Canada.

z.—"T. O.," London, England.—The *z* in *oz.*, our abbreviation for *ounce*, derives from Spanish *onza* (1) "duodecima parte del as o libra romana. (2) Por ext., duodecima parte de varias medidas antiguas. (3) Peso que consta de 16 adarmes y equivale a 287 decigramos."

The *z* in *viz (videlicet)* originated in a medieval Latin symbol of contraction for *et* or *-et* that resembled *z*, and which was once the equivalent of "and."

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Taxes

NO REST FOR THE WEARY TAXPAYERS

From Morning Till Night They Help With the Government Bill

The bucolic bugler lets even the humblest Army private snore until 6:30, but the taxpayers never stop working for *Uncle Sam;* and sit-down strikes will do them no good.

Last week in Washington, the day after the inaugural hubbub subsided, the Interstate Commission on Conflicting Taxation sat down, but only to seek a solution to the comparative injustice of gouging the taxpayers twice in the same place. That afternoon, a motorists' lobby descended on Congress.

The typical taxpayer has read of these things, but years of hearing about "tax reforms" while meantime taxes mounted have made a cynic out of him. All he knows is that he pays; and yet, at that, he probably does not know how much he pays.

Suppose, for example, the typical taxpayer earns a salary of $5,000 a year, owns a car, lives in a $16,000 house in Crestwood, a New York City suburb.

Next year he will have to pay to the Federal Government $84.64 income tax; to the State of New York $92.16 income tax; to the County of Westchester $402.78 real property tax; to the City of Yonkers $77.67 paving, sewer and school tax. Total: $657.25.

What Right!—This morning (or any morning), while brooding over the injustice of it all as he savagely tears strips of lather and whiskers from anger-red cheeks, he asks himself in the mirror, What right had those bums to assess his house at $12,000? What right had they to ram expensive paving down his throat (and up his private driveway) without even asking him whether he wanted it? What right had the State to tax an income Washington had already taxed? What right had the State to duplicate Federal levies on gasoline, liquor and tobacco—the poor man's necessary luxuries?*

So absorbed in obvious grievances was the typical taxpayer that he did not pause to reflect that he had already paid a 5 per cent, Federal excise tax on his toothpaste, mouth-wash, soap; a 10 per cent. Federal excise tax on his astringent and powder; a 2 per cent. New York City sales tax on them all.

Bad Egg—At breakfast, the already abused gentleman had the maid to thank for a welcome diversion. Had she not put a questionable egg into the omelet, he might have had time to tot up the visible and hidden taxes he pays on food. On his ham there were five distinct levies** which add up to approximately $1 a hundredweight, or around a cent a pound. On his bread a dozen imposts accounting for around 6 per cent. of the retail price.*** On the sugar he puts into his coffee, a tax of half a cent a pound.

As for the bad egg, he may be particularly embittered by the feeling that it ought to have been good, seeing it came out of a refrigerator taxed 5 per cent. (by *Uncle Sam*), another 2 per cent. (by *Father Knickerbocker*) of its sale price (and the current to run it taxed up to 20 per cent.).

Only an hour out of his taxed sheets, yet having in that short space handled no fewer than thirty taxed items, the typical taxpayer hastened forth to his taxed (and how!) automobile, on which he pays to Washington excise taxes totaling around $11;**** to Albany approximately $13.50 registration fee and $15.25 gasoline tax (and lucky he doesn't live in Arkansas, where the figures are $18.50 and $32); to City Hall not less than $5 sales tax on gasoline.

Liquor—His chauffeur-wife headed the expensive motor trainward, vaguely troubled by the ominous look on her spouse's face. She guessed that he was brooding over the cost of operating the new oil burner, fuel for which bears a Federal tax of half a cent a gallon. She was wrong; in the short half-mile to the station, his mind had leaped from resentment of the 1 per cent. Social Security levy on his pay envelop, to open rebellion against the cost of liquor under a tax mountain representing Federal taxes of from 2½ cents to $2 a gallon, plus stamp tax of 1 cent per half-pint or over; State taxes of 3⅓ cents to $1 a gallon; city sales tax of 2 per cent.

As he hopped out to buy a taxed (wood-pulp, building, Social Security)

*In 1935, the Federal Government collected $2,271,400,000 and the various States $1,049,900,000 from six duplicate items: estate and inheritance, individual income, corporation income, gasoline, liquor and tobacco.

**According to detailed estimates of leading meat packers, they are: farmer's personal tax load, 47c per cwt.; marketing, 5c, wholesaling, 5c; packer's 16c, retailer's 12c. It should be borne in mind that figures for indirect or hidden taxes are only approximate; are often, when used as propaganda, false and misleading. THE LITERARY DIGEST does not vouch for the accuracy of figures specifically credited to other sources.

***Figures adduced at the Annual Bakers' Meeting, 1935.

****Levied on gasoline, lubricating oils, crude petroleum processed, pipe-lines, automobiles and motor-cycles, trucks, tires, inner tubes, parts and accessories.

WHERE A LITTLE REFORM IS NEEDED
—Talburt in Washington Daily News

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newspaper, his embittered mind dilated on the injustice of it all. Every time he bought a 15-cent pack of cigarettes, he paid a combined Federal-State-city tax of 6 cents; every time he lit one, he scratched a match taxed at from half a cent to 5 cents a thousand.

But even a tax-crab must mellow in the face of his wife's birthday, so the typical taxpayer fell to wondering whether he would give his helpmate ("she looked tired, poor kid; I must learn not to be so grouchy") a fur coat, a pearl necklace or a trip abroad.

The Gift—Devil's choice: both the fur coat and the necklace carry a 10 per cent. Federal excise tax plus the inevitable 2 per cent. city sales tax; tax on a steamship ticket a comparatively paltry $1 to $5.

At Grand Central, the dilemma victim paused to admire in shop-windows: (1) radios, carrying a 5 per cent. U. S., 2 per cent. city tax; (2) golf-clubs, 10 per cent. U. S., 2 per cent. city; finally compromised on two packs of playing-cards, 10 cents Federal, 2 per cent. city.

At his office, he considered calling a salesman in Montreal, was reminded by his secretary that this involved a 20-cent Federal tax; sent a telegram (5 per cent. U. S.) instead. Then he read a few letters, one of which was from the Yale Club, reminding him that his 1937 assessment was payable, reminding him also that there is a Federal tax on such items of 10 per cent.

Promptly at 1 o'clock he went across the street to Moriarity's Bar & Grill, ordered a salami-on-rye and a beer, spent a patient three-quarters of an hour listening to the proprietor's tax troubles: $200 for a beer license, $300 for a restaurant wine license, $1,200 for a restaurant liquor license; the impossibility of selling good cheer at reasonable prices, due to the taxes brewers and distillers had to pay, the duties importers were up against; the proprietor's own income tax, the 4 per cent. State tax on his business, the tax on the building which the owner passed along in the rent. The long-suffering listener was thinking that Moriarity was lucky at that not to have an $8,000 mortgage taxed by the State at the rate of 50 cents on every $100, when a panhandler entered the front door.

"Now there," grumbled the proprietor, after shooing the tramp out of the door, "is a lucky cuss. Never a penny of taxes *he* has to pay, you can bet."

If he had bet, he would have lost; for the poor panhandler paid a tax every time he bought a nickel hot-dog or a dime sack of roll-your-own.

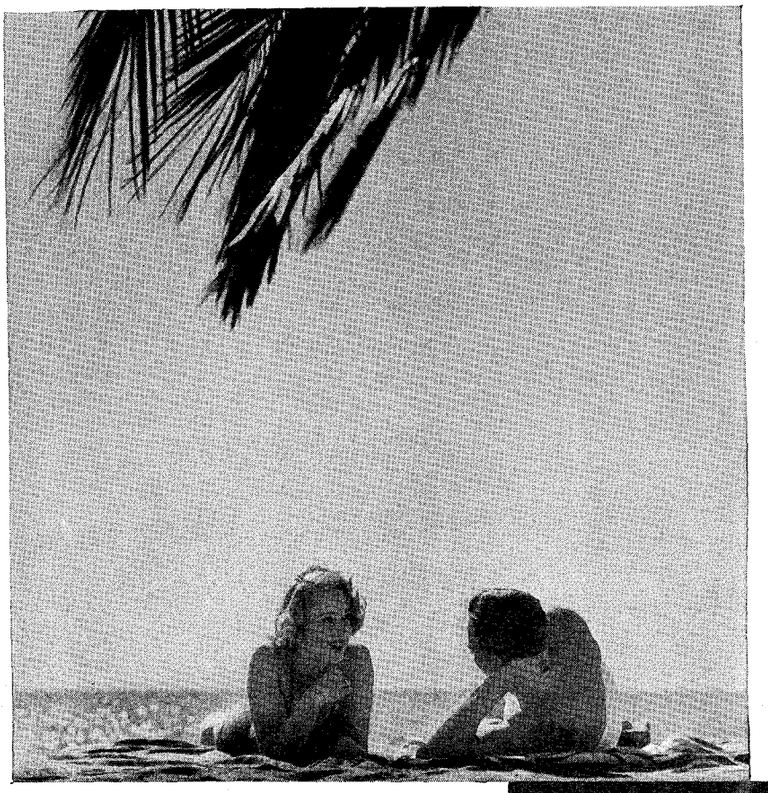
That Raise—Meantime our typical taxpayer, somewhat the worse for the salami as well as the conversation, returned to his office to find his sad-eyed bookkeeper waiting Job-like for the raise he seemed always to know he would not get.

Time was when boss pitied bookkeeper. To-day, he envied him. At a salary of $2,500, with a wife and two children, the bookkeeper certainly had no income tax, State or Federal, to pay. Moreover, he didn't drink, smoked sparingly, never went to a play, a prize-fight or a horse-race. His old wreck of a car couldn't cost him much. He was smart enough to rent instead of buying.

Knowing this, not knowing that the bookkeeper pays $219 a year in traceable taxes,* the typical taxpayer proceeded to

*From a Guaranty Trust Company survey of a typical $2,500-a-year family.

Question— is SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA just a land of sunshine, flowers and beautiful women?



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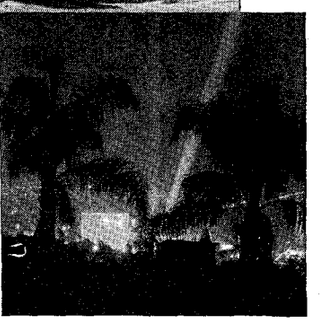

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wither him with a speech the President of the firm has so often used to wither the typical taxpayer:

"See here, *Brown*, we don't know what these fellows down in Washington are going to do to us. It may look to you like prosperity is here, but you have no idea how the Federal corporation and excess profits taxes, the State corporation tax, and the local realty taxes, here and at the factory, eat up profits. You ought to be thankful you don't have any income tax to pay; it keeps some of us around here broke.

"And here are some other things you don't realize: As the boss is a director in several banks, the firm has to take the rap for the State tax on national bank income. Most people think the boss inherited a gold-mine when his uncle left him this company.

"Do you know how much the State took out of the old man's wad on the State inheritance tax? Just $99,600, that's all. And do you know how much Washington took under the Federal estate and gift tax? A paltry $67,867.

Poor Boss—"Do you know what the boss is up against right now, *Brown*? Of course you don't. Well, I'll tell you: If the people in Washington go through with some of that inheritance tax stuff they were talking about last session, it'll mean the boss will lose the plant, or the boss's son, rather.

"No, *Brown*—be darned glad you're spared these headaches we executives have."

But *Brown* was not, in truth, very darned glad as he shivered in the Queens subway, gathering his well-worn overcoat about his knobby knees.

For that matter, neither was the typical taxpayer very darned glad as he entered the 4:59 for Crestwood. The train was crowded; there were no window-seats. Grumpily, he slid in next to a nice-looking old gentleman midway of the car. Within five minutes, the strangers were talking taxes.

"The *World-Telegram* hit the nail on the head the other day—good, strong editorial," said the older man. "There ought to be State and Interstate Leagues of Taxpayers, hammering away 365 days a year on legislators, until tax reform becomes a reality, instead of a perennial slogan."

The long-suffering typical taxpayer nodded solemnly and muttered something about "since the New Deal took over Washington."

"It isn't the New Deal, and it isn't Washington," his companion corrected him. "Most of the trouble comes from the States, counties and municipalities. The citizens simply have never disputed the power of second-rate machine politicians to tax and tax and tax. As for the Democrats—most of the tax bills on the Federal books were inherited from the Republicans.

"The most incredible thing about the whole tax muddle is the way taxes have been piled upon taxes, until not even a Congressman knows where most of them started."

"What," groaned the typical taxpayer, "can we do about it?"

The Answer—"Do?" the other exploded. "Why we—the taxpayers—*are* the Government. In the last analysis, *we* are responsible for a situation which forces $5,000-a-year men to hand over $1,000* of it; that taxes $25,000-a-year men up to 33 per cent.* of their earnings.

"Do? Why we can organize; organize and educate. We can——"

But the train had reached Crestwood. The typical taxpayer made out the family Buick in the same familiar spot, his patient wife behind the wheel. There were, he reflected, some comforts in every man's life.

Very little comfort, tho, in finding the house lit up from cellar to attic, with 20 per cent. of every electric bill checked off against taxes.

"What say," he ventured, in one last heroic effort to throw off the gloom, "what say we go to a movie?"

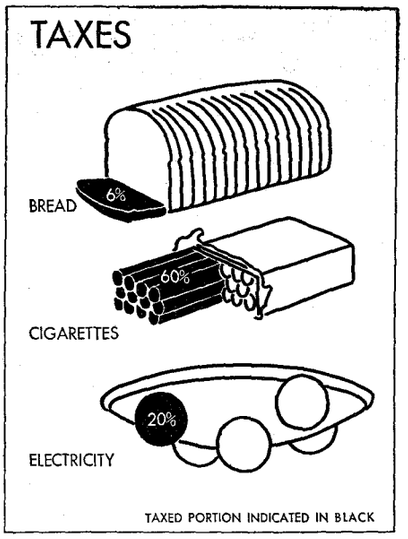
But somehow, having to pay the 10 per cent. amusement tax on two tickets only intensified the gloom. So they straggled home, and the typical taxpayer made himself a cold pork sandwich and sat up to read. At 1 a. m. he took a bicarbonate of soda.

And there in the bathroom, staring at himself in the same mirror which, nineteen hours before, had mocked him, he toyed with the thought of blowing his brains out with a shotgun.

The worst of it was, he couldn't, because he didn't own a shotgun.

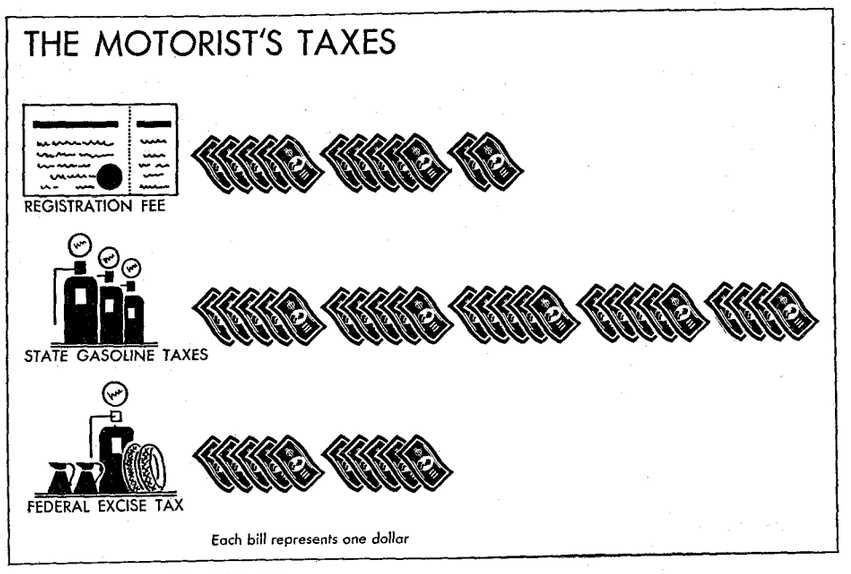
And if he were to buy one, he'd have to pay a 10 per cent. Federal, 2 per cent. city tax on it.

Besides, if he died, his family would have to pay the death duty on him.



Literary Digest Chart by Pictorial Statistics

*From figures compiled by Allen Raymond in the New York *Herald Tribune*.



Literary Digest Chart by Pictorial Statistics

Off-Side

Saved—Charles Becker, seventy-five, of Philadelphia, believes in the old saying "finders keepers, losers weepers." He has saved, kept a record of everything he has found during the past fifty-nine years. List includes 1,627 items, $225 in money.

* * *

Sore Throat—Fire apparatus was nearly summoned when Maudie, the London Zoo's oldest giraffe, developed a sore throat. Ordinary gargling facilities were sorely taxed as the six-foot throat grew worse and worse. Maudie also refused food, and the zoo's medical bills rose as she insisted on a regular diet of brandy.

* * *

Degree—Judge Louis Senese, of Melrose Park, near Chicago, received the degree of D. Sd. from Hobo College. The honor denotes "Doctor of Skullduggery," was awarded to the jurist because he has ridden a freight, been in the hoosegow, "stemmed" a quarter, and invited all hobos in his district to the jail, where they may sleep and get a cup of coffee.

* * *

Kick—For having had his face kicked by a horse, Farmer Charles Schreider of Michigan wants $150 from Kalamazoo county. He alleges a dynamite explosion set off by county highway workers frightened the horse. Since then, he contends, he has been unable to replace his broken dental plate.

* * *

Skaters—Added to the wos of the Troy, New York, police force was the edict of Supervisor James A. Larkin that skating policemen should direct traffic at the midwinter ice carnival. Faced with these new responsibilities, the city's cops invested in pillows as prevention of any possible grief.

* * *

Hamburger—Mrs. Mary McCleary, restaurant owner of El Dorado, Kansas, found

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25 cents in stamps in a letter recently. Not signed, the letter was from a man "who had turned Christian." He said he had chiseled a dime hamburger from her, ten years ago. Now he wished to repay the debt.

* * *

Beards—An English writer advocates beards as a preventive of silicosis, the disease of the lungs caused by inhaling stone-dust. He insisted that during the past century masons with bushy beards were practically immune to the illness, clean-shaven men suffered most.

* * *

Wardrobe—Confident that prosperity had returned, the International Association of Clothing Designers at its Cincinnati Convention decided that a man was virtually a hobo unless he had nineteen suits. This number, however, is merely the minimum, allowing one to be known as "well dressed." For real style, anything up to 100 changes of costume is permissible.

* * *

Bands—College officials, annoyed by charges of professionalism in athletics, are further harassed by bait being offered musicians. Director A. A. Harding, of the University of Illinois Band, says it's getting increasingly difficult to maintain the organization's high standards because other schools are enticing prospective musicians with scholarships.

* * *

Lip-stick—Dr. Herman Goodman, dermatologist, suggests men take up lip-stick. Not for vanity, however, but for health. He contends women suffer fewer lip diseases than men, that rouge wards off infections.

Religion

CATHOLICS: Cardinal Dougherty Leads Faithful at Manila Eucharistic Congress

Few countries share with France the rich tradition and spectacle which woman has contributed to religious lore. Ste. Genevieve saved Paris from the Franks in the twelfth century. Jeanne d'Arc led the French armies against the British. Ste. Bernadette Soubirous gave Lourdes much of its fame. Ste. Jane Francis de Chantel, Ste. Madeleine Sophie Barat and Ste. Theresa, too, added immortal history.

But many of these women, some not saints at all, are swallowed up in the century-mellowed ritual of the church, their works outliving their names. Such a person is frail, shy Mlle. Emilia Tamisier.

Born at Tours on All Saints' day, 1834, Emilia was a confused and hesitating soul with an ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Unable to find her religious niche in life after three unsuccessful attempts in convents, she took up residence near the tomb of St. John Marie Vianney of Ars, finally found her true vocation in a life of contemplation and action with the Eucharist* as central theme. There she met Bishop Louis Gaston de Segur, who instantly recognized in her the hand of God pointing to a high religious purpose.

Set upon establishing public veneration of the Eucharist through large and cosmopolitan gatherings, Emilia traveled throughout France, enlisted the approval of Pope Leo XIII, and with the aid of Bishop de Segur got influential Philibert Vrau to assemble 3,000 French and Belgian peasants and *bourgeois* at his city of Lille for a public demonstration in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

In this simple way grew one of the greatest spectacles of the Roman Catholic Church, the International Eucharistic Congress, which this week was held in the presence of 400,000 persons at Manila, Philippine Islands. As many as 10,000 devout Catholic pilgrims arrived from all parts of the world. Dennis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia presided as Papal Legate. Focal-points of the imposing ceremonies were Luneta Park, the famed public square facing the bay and the rugged Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, built in 1581, whose dome astronomers use as the reference-point for all calculations in the islands.

Permanent—Thirty-third of its kind, the Eucharistic Congress has become for Roman Catholics their greatest instrument for the propagation of the faith. Held in Avignon, France, beneath the shadow of the great Palace of the Popes, the second Eucharistic rally developed into a permanent movement, has grown by leaps and bounds yearly with great demonstrations in its short history in many countries. It was held almost yearly until the World War, was skipped until 1922. Now held biennially, the congress assembled in North America for the first time at Montreal in 1910, first in the United States in 1926, at a gathering still regarded as the all-time high mark in attendance and spectacle.

The essential spirit is the same to-day as when Mlle. Emilia Tamisier led those pioneer worshipers back in 1881. Thanksgiving in its character, the congress often has been marked by auspicious and unexpected tokens. Granting of the First Communion to children followed the Rome Congress of 1905 and last year that at Buenos Aires is understood to have influenced more liberal school laws.

Japanese Influence—Decision to hold the current celebration in Manila carried particular significance, church leaders pointed out. Altho the 3,000 islands are 82 per cent. Catholic—12,000,000 out of the 14,000,000 population—Rome is said to fear for its Far East stronghold because, America having cut loose, paganistic Japan threatens a growing influence. For this reputed reason, every effort was made to make the Manila demonstration one of the greatest.

With that astute political sense for which the Holy Fathers are famous, Pope Pius XI wisely picked Cardinal Dougherty (see cover) to head the congress. In all the church, few prelates are more beloved by the brown-skinned communicants of the new Commonwealth. With five assistants, he went in 1903 to head the diocese of Nueva Segovia, including most of northern Luzon Island and the Batanes Islands between Luzon and Japan. He stayed five years and founded seminaries and schools. This year, devout Filipinos he had shepherded at Tuguegarao held a three-day diocesan Eucharistic Congress during a violent "Signal 10" typhoon. Transferred to the diocese of Jaro in 1908, Cardinal Dougherty founded more schools,

*The Eucharist is the wafer of unleavened bread and cup of wine which, sanctified in the ceremony of the Lord's Supper, becomes, in the belief of Roman Catholics, the "body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ."

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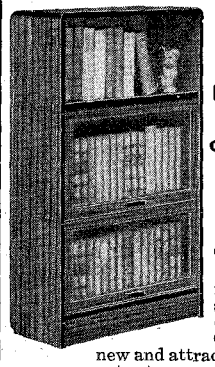

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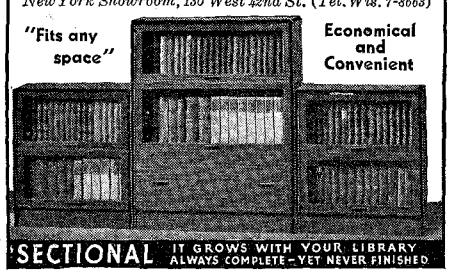

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a hospital and a college, returned home seven years later to become Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Quezon Guest—Welcomed back to Manila with medieval pomp, Cardinal Dougherty was the guest of President Manuel Quezon at Malacanan Palace, divided his time between the weather-beaten cathedral, largest in the Capital, and Luneta Park, where the largest congregation of Filipinos in history gathered for rites of a solemnity and magnificence never before seen.

Manila's streets were packed with crushing thousands, for the annual Philippine Islands Exposition was being held, too.

From matins to vespers, the bells of the ancient and new city tolled endlessly, the thundering carillon of Immaculate Conception providing a mournful *obbligato*. Festooned streets danced with waving Vatican, American and Philippine flags and pennants. By night there was the soft tropical sky, with its Southern Cross; by day, the melting light of Oriental sun.

Fourteen Languages—To accommodate the international babel of worshipers, mass was said daily in fourteen languages, special national meetings were held each morning of the four-day Congress for Germans, Frenchmen, Dutch, Spaniards, Englishmen, Chinese and Portuguese. Priests of a dozen orders officiated, organized a Eucharistic Women's day, a Men's day, a Children's day.

Throughout, so intense was the evangelical spirit that no church could hold the throngs of worshipers. Under the sparkling sunshine, looking across the blue Pacific by the old Intramuros (walled city) of Manila, the Lord's Supper was celebrated many times a day, the Host raised, thousands upon thousands received the Eucharist.

Midnight Mass—Central point of the Congress was the midnight mass, conducted on the Luneta in the flickering light of nearly 200,000 candles in the raised hands of worshipers. Their faces bronzed by the dim flames, Cardinal Dougherty, President Quezon, seventy Bishops, hundreds of priests, and almost a quarter of a million Catholics chanted in unison the pledge of the Holy Name, read first through the loud-speakers by Archbishop Michael J. O'Doherty, of Manila.

Soft music from the combined seminarian choirs of the Philippine Islands floated across the Luneta; 300 priests circulated among the celebrants, distributing the unleavened bread for communion. Foreign and Philippine parish and diocesan delegations, labor groups, school and college students, uniformed units of the armed forces of both the United States and the Philippine Commonwealth knelt as one man while the Host was raised and Archbishop O'Doherty celebrated solemn pontifical mass.

Climaxing event of a week of this religious splendor was to come with a personal blessing by Pope Pius XI by radio.

CHIMES: Chevy Chase Bells Finally Win Right to Peal Their Melody

At 6 A. M., noon and 6 P. M., Roman Catholic churches throughout the land, in keeping with centuries-old custom, ring out the chimes of the angelus. They call the faithful to mass to celebrate the Mystery of the Incarnation. But melodious as they are, the tolling bells have raised hob with many a late-sleeping non-Catholic's rest.

In the fashionable Chevy Chase district of Washington, D. C., devout parishioners of the Church of the Shrine of the Blessed Sacrament saved dimes and nickels for many Sundays, finally chipped together $11,000 for a set of memorial bells on which Pastor Thomas G. Smyth could sound a new and louder angelus.

Catholic residents of Chevy Chase welcomed the new bells. Non-Catholics were at first surprized.

At noon and in the evening, the mellow ringing became a pleasant clock-setter for housewives and home-coming workers. But to the seven-thirty riser, early morning ringing at six seemed a false alarm.

After much bed-tossing and turning last spring, many neighbors decided to complain.

Change—No stickler for small points, Pastor Smyth smiled, agreed to change his matinal chimes from six to seven. Most late-sleepers approved the compromise; and protests ceased.

A small group of die-hards, however, wanted no bells at all; vainly called on police; finally, last November, asked Justice Joseph W. Cox to grant a temporary injunction against the bells.

Gist of complaint: "Most male persons called for employment are called at nine in the forenoon, and customarily in the normal course of life do not awake until after seven o'clock in the morning.

"The noise is loud, high and annoying, producing a nuisance which disturbs the sleep, distracts the minds from any serious employment, interferes with their conversation, and the anticipation of it all produces a nervousness and excitement."

To cap this, the plaintiffs attached to their petition a copy of "J. Gruber's Hagerstown Almanack, established 1797," which shows that the sun does not rise on Washington January mornings before seven.

Order—Moved by the eloquence of all this, Justice Cox ordered the church to show reason why its bell-ringing should not be suspended.

Father Smyth came smiling to court with his partizans.

"I can't understand how the chimes would disturb any one," he said. "Why, their music is soft and melodious—it's beautiful." He added that the twenty-two complainants were incorrect in stating in their suit that the ringing of the angelus in the morning was not an essential part of the Catholic service.

How about the noisy neighbors, asked Father Smyth's supporters?

"Strangely enough," said a spokesman, "many neighbors have parties, dances, *etc.*, in their homes, entertain friends until all hours past midnight, then depart merrily by chasing around the front porch, get in their cars, toot horns until contented and disappear in the distance."

Dismissal—Michael J. Boyle, church lawyer, read poems by Longfellow and Thomas More to prove that chimes were esthetic, not noisy.

Upshot of the neighborhood drama last week was a dismissal of the complaint *sans* prejudice, entered by Justice Jennings Bailey, who had taken over the case. Tersely, Justice Bailey added:

"I would gladly exchange the 'noise' of these chimes for the noise I hear in the fraternity house across the street from my home."

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Law

JURY SCHOOL: New Jersey Judge Opens Class-Room for Improvement of Jurors

His grandfather made millions in cotton thread (Clark's O.N.T.), but Federal Judge William Clark of Newark, New Jersey, has a penchant for cutting legal red tape.

He declared the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional, but was later overruled.

Doer—He untangled court cobwebs when five watch-factory girls contracted deadly radium poisoning, arranging a prompt $10,000 settlement for each girl. He set up a bankruptcy clinic. Last year, he decided juries were not of the proper caliber, had a "blue-ribbon" panel drawn, with prominent men serving as jurors, and decided women should be allowed to serve on Federal panels.

Last week, Judge Clark settled serenely down in the high-shelved library of his Princeton home, the first session of his new "School for Jurors" over, praise and criticism ringing in his ears.

Barrage—Women had been bombarding the tall, red-haired judge with legal questions until he, and the League of Women Voters, decided something ought to be done. So into his court-room one Saturday clerks ushered three score women, a handful of men. "Props" were law books, high red leather chairs, and a court clerk. The questions began.

Q. Are compromise verdicts by juries honest?

A. They smack of a lottery. Avoid them.

Q. Should frivolous behavior on the part of a juror go unpunished?

A. If any frivolous behavior interferes with the reaching of a verdict it should promptly be reported to the presiding judge. It is his duty to reprimand the offenders.

Q. Should the jury question the judge after he has delivered his charge, if any of his remarks or instructions are not clear?

A. Jurors should feel free to question the judge on any point on which they are uncertain.

Q. Why do judges use technical language so much?

A. I wish it were not necessary to use stilted language in charges to juries. I sometimes feel like a fool using the gibberish of legal phraseology, and I've often wished I could speak in plain English.

Q. Is it correct for a juryman to question a lawyer regarding the size of his fee in the case being tried?

A. I should like to have the jury inquire, but if he refused to answer I could not force the issue. Many lawyers get as high as 60 per cent. of the amount awarded the plaintiff. There should be some way of controlling this.

Q. What are the functions of judge and jury?

A. The jury is supposed to decide all questions of fact, the judge to rule on all questions of law.

Q. What does presumption of innocence mean?

A. Legally a man is presumed innocent until proved guilty, but actually after he has been indicted there is something of a presumption of guilt about him. There has been a growing tendency over the past twenty-five years to protect the individual and throw safeguards about him so that he will be presumed innocent. I think there should be more of a tendency to protect society and throw more safeguards about it.

General Satisfaction—When the three-hour session was over, with its lectures on jury history and observations on choosing jury foremen, political domination of courts, and traveling jurists, Judge Clark thanked the ladies and observed that "this turned out to be a school for both judge and jurors."

Wide World

Women sign up for classes at Judge Clark's "School for Jurors"

There's one protection that *is possible* at this season —building *good general resistance!*

You may feel that when this time of year comes around, you're almost sure to have a certain amount of discomfort in spite of anything you can do.

That kind of thinking is somewhat out-of-date, now that a great deal more is known about common winter discomforts. February is a bad month, but not just for you. There are recent facts to prove that it's the month when *most* people are affected.

And here's one reason. Early in the season, you probably had some stored-up reserve to fall back on. Then followed strenuous winter months of hard work, too little sunshine, fresh air, and exercise. By the time February comes, your general *resistance* is low.

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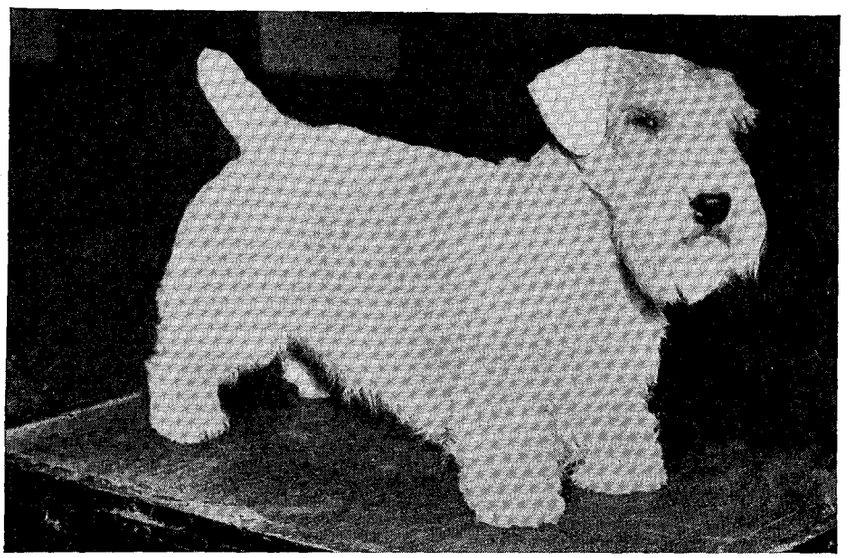

Wide World

Ch. St. Margaret Magnificent of Clairedale eyes the field challenging his 1936 "best in show" at Westminster

One hundred eighty-five thousand pounds of strictly Grade A dog-flesh, whose open-market auction would probably fetch $1,000,000 or more, will go on public exhibition, but not on sale, next Wednesday in the most important and second largest of America's 300-odd shows, the sixty-first annual Westminster Kennel Club fixture.

Adding their aristocratic heft to the ninety tons of benching taxing the New York City Madison Square Garden's stone floor, 3,160 pure-breds, biggest entry list in the show's history, will compete for three days and nights for ribbons, cups, $20,000 in prize-money, and the undisputed prestige of Westminster recognition.

Averaging approximately 600 fewer dogs than London's celebrated Cruft's Show, which opens a two-day stand at Islington on Wednesday, and outnumbered in this country only by the Morris and Essex one-day exhibit at Madison, New Jersey (1936 total: 3,336), the Westminster annually benches the cream of America's 100,000 show performers.

Breeds—Of the 107 breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club, ninety-five will be represented in this year's show. Cocker spaniels, whose earliest American ancestor came over on the Mayflower in 1620 in company with a pure-bred mastiff, will have the keenest competition, with 205 entered. The second largest class, dachshunde, will bench 198.

Tho not always an indication of a nation-wide trend in dog fashions, this year's Westminster entries reflect the current popularity of cocker spaniels. Most popular of all dogs in this country from 1929 through 1935, Boston terriers last year placed second to cockers in A.K.C. registrations, 10,673 to 12,714. Third most fashionable dog of 1936 was the Scottish terrier.

In American bench show competition, no prize carries prestige equivalent to the ribbon and squat silver trophy awarded for "best in show" at Westminster. And few prizes in world-wide competition are harder to win.

Under American Kennel Club regulations, pure-bred dogs are classified in six groups: Sporting (pointers, setters, retrievers, spaniels and griffons); sporting hounds (Afghans, beagles, bloodhounds, dachshunde, foxhounds, whippets, wolfhounds, *etc.*); working (collies, German shepherds, great Danes, St. Bernards, *etc.*); terriers (airedales, cairns, fox-terriers, Sealyhams, *etc.*); toys (Chihuahuas, Pekingese, Pomeranians, toy poodles, *etc.*), and non-sporting (Boston terriers, chow-chows, poodles, schipperkes, *etc.*).

First of all, a dog must win in its breed, which may mean being judged best of 100 or more equally well trained, finely conditioned pure-breds. Then, the dog or bitch enters group competition against all other "bests" of its own classification.

Finally, it must compete in the ring against the five other group winners for the title "best in show."

Points—Dogs are judged mainly on their conformation to certain ideals of perfection. Eyes, ears, body proportions, markings and so forth are closely inspected by the judges. But the dog must also make a good showing in the ring. It must carry itself smartly.

The majority of the 1,200 dog show judges licensed by the American Kennel Club to make decisions at the official exhibitions throughout the country are limited to a few breeds. On the average, a judge awards slightly more than 400 first, second, third and fourth place ribbons a year. Before awarding them, he will probably look over about 1,000 dogs.

Only sixty-two people in the United States are licensed to judge all of the 107 breeds. Consequently, an all-breed judge is called on frequently, may award ribbons to 15,000 dogs in a single year.

The Judge—Judge of this year's "best in show" at Westminster is George S. West, of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, owner of the well-known Gamecock Kennels of greyhounds and airedales. He takes the place of the Right Honorable Lorna, Countess Howe, celebrated British sportswoman who, two weeks ago, was forced by illness to cancel her appointment.

An exhibitor and breeder of dogs even before his graduation from Harvard in 1910, Mr. West withdrew ten entries from his own kennels in order to accept the commission as final judge.

Unlike most other sporting events, defending "best in show" champions are not favored to repeat. Since 1907, when the first "best in show" award was made at the Westminster, only four dogs have won the title two or more times. All four were fox-terriers.

Champs—Ch. Warren Remedy, Winthrop Rutherford's smooth fox-terrier, won "best in show" in 1907, 1908 and 1909. George W. Quintard's wire-haired Ch. Matford Vic got the award in 1915 and 1916; Mrs. Roy A. Rainey's Ch. Conejo Wycollar Boy in 1917 and 1920; and John G. Bates's Ch. Pendley Calling of Blarney, also a wire-haired, in 1930 and 1931.

Terriers have monopolized the award right along. They've won twenty-two out of twenty-nine (fox-terriers, thirteen; airedales, four; Sealyhams, three; Scotties and bull-terriers, one each). Only three sporting dogs, two pointers and a cocker spaniel, have gotten it. Non-sporting dogs (bulldog, poodle) and working dogs (collie, Old English sheep-dog) have won twice. But no hound or toy ever did. There was no award in 1923.

Defender—Defending "best in show" champion this year is a stubby-legged, three-and-a-half-year-old white Sealyham, Ch. St. Margaret Magnificent of Clairedale, owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Penny, of Riverhead, Long Island.

Born in England, where he won his championship rating before he was two, Magnificent goes through as carefully-supervised training routine as a fighter conditioning for the ring. Three months before the opening of the big show season, he starts his program.

No snob, the defending champion has semiperfect ring manners and poise that, outwardly at least, weathered the not-inconsiderable volley of boos with which some of last year's final night crowd of 13,000 greeted his award.

On the strength of his Westminster victory and consistent performances elsewhere, Ch. St. Margaret Magnificent of Clairedale's twenty-four pounds are worth, according to the haphazard appraisals of experts who invariably value their dogs more by sentimental than market standards, somewhere between $5,000 and $7,000.

Hound Exhibit—For the first time in history, the Westminster show this year will include the annual New York Hound exhibit given by the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America and the National Beagle Club, previously held at the now-defunct Riding Club. On the final day of the show, huntsmen and whippers-in in full livery will show nearly 350 hounds in the Garden's main arena, and will exhibit their own personal talents in a horn-blowing contest.

For reasons of its own, the Westminster Kennel Club never reveals official attendance figures for the three-day show. Unofficial estimates predict a total of 50,000 paid admissions, representing a turnover of approximately $70,000.

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ICE-TROTTERS: Winter Racing Grabs Attention of Younger Sporting Set

Horses are afraid of ice.

Falling down on it is, they know, a monotonous, painful business; getting up again an exasperating, wind-taking scramble.

But harness horses and thoroughbreds aren't afraid to race over tricky ice or hard-packed snow at blazing speed. They rather like it.

On the frozen lake at St. Moritz, Switzerland, Sunday, fast-stepping European trotters and thoroughbreds will dash around the specially-prepared track in the celebrated winter sports spa's third and last day of International Horse Races. Cutter races on the glittering surface of Banff, Canada's Bow River, will be an exciting feature of the annual Winter Carnival opening a five-day stand there next Wednesday.

Speed—And on countless ice-covered lakes and rivers in northern New England, American harness horsemen, with enthusiastic disregard for seasonal traditions, will, until spring thaws come, continue to settle bets and arguments with actual tests of their horses' speed.

Harness horse-racing on ice never will approach the popularity of the summer sport which, last year, distributed purses totaling $2,500,000 in 800-odd meetings, and reported its best season in years. The frost-bite races will always be more of a stunt, and a means of conditioning, than anything else. Owners of valuable Grand Circuit trotters and pacers wouldn't risk racing their horses on ice.

Usually the ice horsemen race in sleigh sulkies, equipped with runners instead of bicycle wheels.

But the more daring gentlemen, to whom high speed is necessary, ride the same pneumatic-tired, fragile little racing carts used on dirt tracks. On smooth ice, one can, with a slight push, send a thirty-pound sulky rolling fifty feet or more. With a horse pulling, he can, for short distances, almost equal the thirty-mile-an-hour clip of a fast dirt-track trotter.

New Shoes—To give the horse a purchase on the ice, extra long, sharp steel caulks are welded to the shoes. Or cork strips are fastened around the edges. The caulks are better.

Even in mud, the tiny sulkies are capricious, dangerous chariots. On ice, turns are disastrous. So, instead of regular, circular tracks, trotters usually race down sprint lanes a quarter-mile, sometimes a half-mile, long.

The footing is harder, smoother and faster than on a dirt track.

The subzero Goshen for harness horsemen and their shaggy-coated steeds is Aroostook County, Maine.

"Brushes"—New Hampshire and Vermont are secondary centers for "ice brushing." And when the weather is cold enough, old-timers wintering at Lake Placid, New York, revel in modern "brushes" reminiscent of the '80s, when opulent Fifth Avenue and Philadelphia sportsmen, dashing members of the "sealskin brigade," scattered pedestrians with impromptu cutter races in and around both cities.

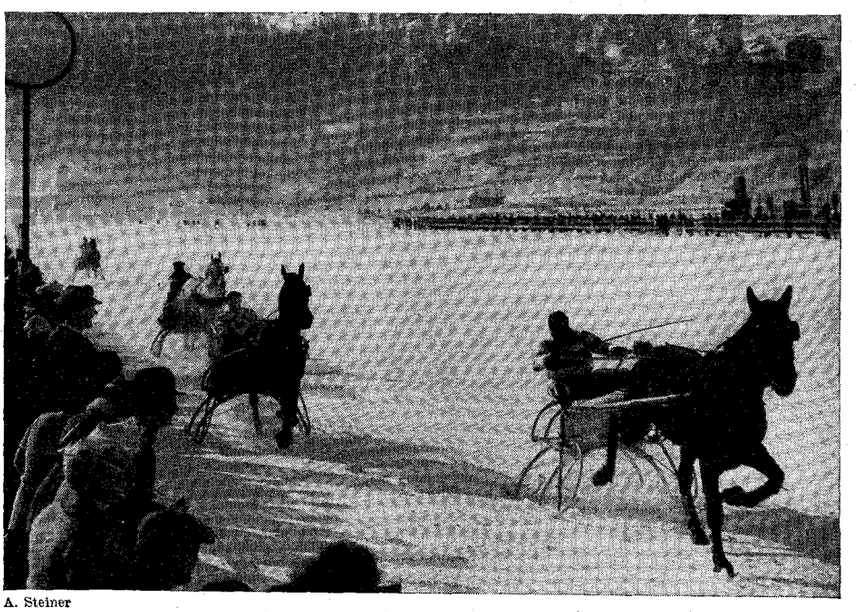
The foremost exponent of cold-weather conditioning for trotters and pacers is Walter Cox, America's leading trainer. Cox believes it softens a horse to take it south in winter.

At Goshen, New York, scene of the Hambletonian, most famous of all trotting races, Cox sends his horses out every day. The colder the better.

Most popular of the Southern training centers for harness horses is Seminole Park, Orlando, Florida. Rosalind, Hambletonian and leading money ($42,378) winner last year, and Greyhound, who won the Goshen classic in 1935, are down there now.

Training—A new winter training spot that probably will do much to increase harness horse-racing's recent surge in popularity is Aiken, South Carolina. Dunbar Bostwick, poloist of Westbury, Long Island, has built a mile track at Aiken for the training and racing of trotters.

The Aiken venture is typical of a brand-new interest in harness racing by moneyed, young sportsmen. Unlike thoroughbred racing, trotting allows more personal participation than any other major equine sport. Owners are not only permitted to help their professional trainers condition the horses, but to drive them in amateur or professional competition without affecting their standing in either division.



A. Steiner

Trotting races on the frozen lake at St. Moritz

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS
HEADACHE
NO HEADACHES SPOIL OUR SHOPPING DAYS, THANK GOODNESS WE ARE WISE!
LIKE OTHERS, WE HAVE FOUND IT PAYS — TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
SOUR STOMACH
IF AFTER-DINNER-MISERY CREEPS IN TO CAUSE US WOE.
A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS THE FINEST THING WE KNOW.
COLDS
I WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT YOU DO — TO KEEP BAD COLDS AWAY.
I'LL PUT YOU WISE I ALKALIZE, THE ALKA-SELTZER WAY.
30¢ 60¢
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Be Wise— Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.
TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAYS NBC-RED NETWORK

$10 Complete CALCULATOR Only $2.88
10 DAY FREE TRIAL

This **Original Dial Machine** accurately adds, subtracts etc. to 10,000,000 without mental effort, indoors or out. Handsome, all-metal, Wt. 1-lb., speedy, fully guaranteed. 300,000 sold since 1915. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman only $2.88 on delivery. If dissatisfied, mail the machine back for full money refund. Offer limited.

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Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. **Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 1101, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.**

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Obtain Prompt Relief. **Cuticura SOAP-OINTMENT**

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CIGARETTE PRICES UP CENT A PACK

Tobacco Costs Force Rise Despite Increased Consumption

Each hour, Americans smoke 670 miles of cigarettes, a string of "smokes" reaching, say, from New York to Detroit.

Each year, Americans consume more than 6,500,000 miles of smokes, a string of cigarettes capable of reaching to the moon twenty-seven times.

In numbers of cigarettes, these spectacular distances add up to 150,000,000,000 smokes. And if each American received a proportionate share, he would be entitled to three cigarettes a day.

Last week, cigarette smokers dug down into their jeans and into their pocketbooks to pay an added penny per pack. Added up over the year, these pennies will total about $80,000,000.

Rising Prices—For puzzled smokers of 15-cent brands, tobacco-store clerks had an answer: soaring tobacco prices.

Last year, for instance, an average pound of burley cost about 26 cents; in 1935, it cost 19.1 cents. Last year, bright leaf (flue-cured) tobacco cost 24 cents a pound, a 4-cent boost over the preceding year. And these prices are the highest which cigarette companies have had to pay since 1928.

But cigarette prices to the wholesaler had been constant since 1934—$6.10 a thousand. And as tobacco prices rose so markedly since 1933, why didn't cigarette companies do something about it sooner?

The answer is that manufacturers lay in a three-years' supply of tobacco and consequently determine current prices by averaging tobacco costs for three preceding years. The 1936 price, for instance, was based on the 1935, 1934 and 1933 costs.

Now, for 1937, manufacturers must consider the costly 1936 tobacco crop and the similarly costly 1935 crop. That is why R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Camels) pushed its $6.10 wholesale price to $6.25. And why the other three members of the Big Four (Lucky Strikes, Chesterfields, Old Golds) promptly followed.

Taxes—A smoker who takes his cigarette prices seriously will want to know why tobacco costs have gone up. The answer is, *Uncle Sam.*

It was *Uncle Sam,* for one thing, who paid growers of flue-cured tobacco to reduce their crops. And when *Uncle Sam* pays tobacco growers to curtail crops with money obtained by imposing processing taxes on cigarette manufacturers, the consumer is bound to pay in the end. When, in addition, growers are curtailing acreage at precisely the time that smokers are puffing an increasing number of cigarettes (1935 consumption of 134,500,000,000 cigarettes topped 1934 consumption of 125,500,000,000 cigarettes by 9,000,000,000), the smoker is bound to pay still more.

But *Uncle Sam's* AAA tobacco-curtailment program and processing taxes aren't his only contribution to higher prices.

There is the matter of Federal taxes (see page 28).

Uncle Sam collects six cents on each pack of cigarettes. Which means that on a 10-cent pack he imposes a 60 per cent. tax, and on a 15-cent pack collects a 40 per cent. tax. In 1934 and again in 1935, cigarette manufacturers tried to persuade the Federal Government to slash Federal taxes 40 per cent. Had they succeeded, you would now probably be paying 10 cents for a 15-cent pack of cigarettes.

But, if you live in Arkansas, you pay five cents more for a State tax. If you live in Tennessee or Louisiana, your State tax is four cents. And if you live in Texas, North and South Dakota or Oklahoma, your State adds 3 cents to your cigarette costs per pack. Thirteen other States also add taxes, and New York City has a city sales tax.

Yet, taxes or no taxes, Americans want their smokes.

Increases—Last year was the industry's biggest, 150,000,000,000 of cigarettes, a 12 per cent. boost over the 134,500,000,000 smoked in 1935 and 20 per cent. increase over the 125,500,000,000 smoked in 1934.

This bright year the Big Four, who produce 83 per cent. of the country's cigarettes, expect to sell still more. People have more money to spend, executives feel, particularly people of formerly pinched means. And, furthermore, the potential market, say cigarette men, is by no means exhausted. (Doesn't the average Englishman consume 30 to 40 per cent. more cigarettes than the average American?) And the Big Four this year expect to sell more cigarettes for the very good reason that they will spend more money on advertising than in 1936.

To spread the gospel of smoking "for digestion's sake" (Camels), of smoking a "light, toasted cigarette" (Luckies), of smoking a cigarette that's "milder" (Chesterfields), of choosing one that is "double-mellow and factory fresh" (Old Golds), the Big Four last year spent $50,000,000. This year they will spend more than $55,000,000.

Flitting Fancy—Because cigarette men do not put out a new model yearly like automobile men do, they have no means of knowing why public fancy flits from brand to brand. Therefore they keep a sharp eye on their advertising.

Because Camels, for instance, topped the field with an imposing 47,000,000,000 cigarette record for 1936, Reynolds's executives feel their health theme advertising ("for digestion's sake") has hit the spot, is increasing sales. When George Washington Hill, President of the American Tobacco Co., evolved the "reach for a Lucky" slogan, sales of Luckies in 1931 zoomed to 44,000,000,000 cigarettes, led the field. Luckies's President justifiably felt his slogan had hit a bull's-eye.

On the other hand, Liggett & Myers (Chesterfields), persisting in conservative advertising, capitalized on public reaction against spectacular copy, nosed out Camels and tied Luckies for leadership in 1934. One thing cigarette manufacturers know: the worst kind of advertising is no advertising at all. When Camels in 1932 curtailed advertising space, sales plummeted from 33,000,000,000 to 24,000,000,000 cigarettes, a 25 per cent. drop.

In 1936 Camels led the parade with 47,000,000,000 cigarettes, 10,000,000,000 better than in 1935; Lucky Strikes were second with 38,000,000,000, 6,000,000,000 better than in 1935; Chesterfields sold 36,000,000,000, 1,000,000,000 better than in 1935; Old Golds sold about 7,000,000,000 against about 5,750,000,000 the previous year. Philip Morris (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd.), a relative newcomer, pulled within shouting distance of the Big Four with a sale of 5,000,000,000 as against a sale of 3,750,000,000 in 1935.

1937 Campaign—Observers such as *Advertising and Selling* feel that this year's cigarette campaigns will yield more excitement than last. The feminine smoker

Camels . . . "for digestion's sake"

Chesterfields . . . "they're milder"

Lucky Strike . . . "it's toasted"

Old Gold . . . "double-mellow"

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probably will receive less attention than previously, since the American woman already is a constant smoker and is believed to be the highest *per capita* consumer of cigarettes in the world, with the possible exception of her sisters in France and England.

On the other hand, some observers predict advertising men will take a fling at the more mature woman, will attempt to coax her into an occasional puff.

Whatever the result of this year's jockeying for position, executives look forward to topping last year's good earnings. And topping last year's earnings would constitute no mean achievement.

Two of the Big Four have already reported earnings for 1936. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. last year, for instance, earned $29,253,135, the best record in four years. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. earned $24,207,632, to top all earnings since 1930.

FLOODED INDUSTRY: Factories in Stricken Areas Suffer Severe Fire and Water Damage

On the eighth-floor studio of WLW, the Crosley Radio Corporation station at Cincinnati, a weary announcer broadcast flood bulletins. While he spoke, water covered with oil from shattered Standard Oil tanks lapped at the second floor. Suddenly, flames covered the water, shot up 300 feet. A watchman burst into the studio, bellowed "Fire" to startled radio men.

Station WLW temporarily went off the air.

Along a three-mile front, fire licked at industrial buildings, leveled Crosley's refrigerator cabinet plant, warehouse, shipping department, destroyed other large structures.

Few flooded industrial areas outside of Cincinnati suffered from fire. Flood waters, however, rusted and clogged machinery, disrupted transportation, cut off other producers from markets and raw materials.

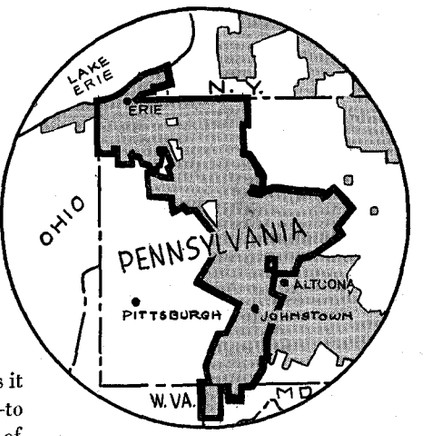
Throughout the Ohio River Valley, retail trade proved the flood's greatest business victim. Steel plants which line river banks to be near water-borne coal and iron ore suffered also.

U. S. Steel Down—At Martins Ferry, Ohio, the United States Steel Corporation shut down its Laughlin tin-plate works, moved its machinery to non-flood areas. Republic Steel Corporation's rolling-mill at Niles, Ohio, curtailed production when gas pressure fell. With 6 per cent. of the total steel-making capacity of the country affected in the flood area, production dropped from 81 per cent. to 75 per cent.

As the flood crest roared down the Mississippi, Weil Brothers and other Memphis cotton merchants frantically cleared river-front warehouses of precious cotton-bales. Police with drawn guns stood guard over cotton piled under the open sky on dry bluffs overlooking the river. Government experts estimated that approximately 1,000,000 bales worth $70,000,000 were threatened within the fifty-mile area on either side of the Mississippi.

Most of the half-hundred distilleries in or around the Louisville area closed. Water rose over the barrels in storage racks at the Old Crow and Old Taylor plants of the National Distilleries at

STRENGTH OF MANY STRANDS



4,500 Jobs Created in Depression Years in Associated Areas within Line. Other Shaded Areas Are Part of Total Territory Also Served by Associated System.

"ONE-INDUSTRY TOWNS" are in a bad way when there is a slump in the one industry. The Associated System helps communities it serves to *vary* their industries—to give their industrial life strength of a cable with many strands.

In Western Pennsylvania, for instance, there is a natural emphasis on iron and steel. There our Industrial Development Division, in cooperation with local Associated companies and community organizations, has helped to bring in silk, wearing apparel, food products, and other types of industries. Concerns there have been aided to expand.

This activity created 4,500 new jobs in the years 1931-1935.

Full information about this industrial area may be secured from Pennsylvania Electric Co., Johnstown; Erie Lighting Co., Erie, or from our Industrial Development Division, 150 Broadway, New York.

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

QUARTERLY INCOME SHARES

Prospectus on request from your investment dealer

Young Men and Women—

STENOTYPY

The Better Way to Better Jobs

Stenotypy—machine-typed shorthand—offers unusual opportunities for better jobs now and larger success all your life. This machine that types faster than any one can talk is now used in nine out of ten conventions, in thousands of outstanding offices, and increasingly in court rooms. Its *machine* speed, accuracy and ease win promotions and salary raises in secretarial and reporting jobs, and open up executive opportunities. Now, in your spare time and at low cost, you can raise yourself above the competition of the crowd. Get full details. Ask for interesting, illustrated, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession." Write Dept. 252-ST.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY
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By CHARLES EARLE FUNK

Editor, "What's the Name, Please?" Department of The Literary Digest

The pronunciation of the names of the great, the near great, or the about-to-be-great of our own time; names that we encounter in the newspapers, magazines, and technical journals, or that we find in the lecture halls in our English speaking universities, in commerce and industry, in American Congress and British Parliament, in medicine and law, in art and music, or on stage and screen.

The pronunciations that are given do not represent the opinion of some sacrosanct editor or editorial board. Each pronunciation is that used by the owner of the name, authorized by him or, in a few instances, vouched for by some one so close to the owner as to be competent authority.

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Frankfort. Army engineers hastily erected pontoon bridges from Bowman Field into Louisville with empty whisky barrels contributed by local plants. Schenley's and other firms opened their doors to refugees, issued distilled water and medicinal liquor for relief purposes.

Electricity Cut—Retailers rushed merchandise to higher floors. Of Montgomery Ward's eighteen stores in the flood zone, churning waters closed six. Lack of electricity shut down the Lerner Stores in Cincinnati and Louisville. Meanwhile, in New York City, credit executives urged manufacturers to watch extension of credit.

The Louisville branch of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank stopped clearing checks of member banks.

Executives of the Association of American Railroads worked far into the night dispatching more than 5,000 empty freight-cars from all parts of the country for use in flood relief.

Tracks of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad and the Louisville & Nashville Railroad were washed out alongside the Ohio River from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Cairo, Illinois. With mines flooded in Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois and Indiana, transportation of coal was seriously disrupted. Twisted rails prevented the Norfolk & Western Railroad from shipping coal to the Midwest. Illinois Central Railroad trains splashed slowly through southern Illinois with waters awash around car-wheels. The Southern Railway turned over its entire lines between Louisville and Cincinnati to relief.

Acme

California's sun-kissed fruit covered with icicles from 18 to 20 inches long

HOT AND COLD: Freeze Ravages Sunkist Citrus, Heat Overroasts Florida Groves

In Pomona, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, police teletypes last week clicked urgently: Frost-bitten citrus belt needs fuel. Rush oil, briquets, trucks. Radio stations took up the appeal.

Frost a fortnight before had nipped $20,000,000 of California's estimated $100,000,000 crop of oranges, lemons, grapefruit. Now the frost had returned, was ruining millions of dollars worth more, was sabotaging the livelihood of 18,000 growers and endangering next year's crop.

Bewildered veterans who remembered the historic freeze of 1913 shook their heads dolefully. It was the unkindest cut nature had dealt semitropical southern California in a quarter of a century.

In two bleak nights, frantic growers spent an aggregate $1,000,000 for 1,000,000 barrels of oil to keep orchard-saving smudge heaters going. Now fuel was scarce.

Junk Jumps—Orchardists with grim jaws flagged oil-trucks on highways, plied drivers with bribes to divert their cargoes, virtually attempted to hijack them.

Other growers saturated old tires with oil, found they would burn at an intense heat for an hour. Up shot junk tire prices from $15 a ton to more than $30.

Still others drove thirty miles to Los Angeles, ransacked junk shops for abandoned rubber. In the Imperial Valley, the smudge smoke from tire-burning heaters rose in an ill-smelling cloud. Motorists stopped their cars, inspected their brakes to see if they were burning. In Los Angeles, clouds of smoke wafted from the surrounding countryside shut out the sun.

Icicles—Lacking fuel, George Barfoot turned on overhead sprinklers over his orchard at Anaheim, hoped the spray would chase the frost. Instead, the water coated his grove with an icy blanket, created a fairyland spectacle of ice spun in spider-webs among the trees. Neighbors flocked to the orchard to view the golden-green leaves coated with ice like so many pieces of fruit candy.

At Ojai, a despairing grower lighted wax candles near his trees, failed to save a new lemon-grove. At Covina, a grower played a big electric heater over a pet lemon-tree, saved it after a night-long vigil.

Harried executives of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which markets 95 per cent. of California's lemons, 75 per cent. of its oranges, declared in a preliminary survey that 50 per cent. of the fruit on the trees had been destroyed. Which meant that instead of some 100,000 carloads of fruit, California would only send out 50,000 for the crop year ending in October. Total estimated fruit loss: $50,000,000.

Trees Saved—But, Exchange experts disclosed to their members, things might have been worse. In the great freeze of 1913, orchardists lost not only their fruit, but their trees as well. The current frost damaged trees but slightly.

Furthermore, lucky growers who had salvaged substantial portions of their crop would glean windfall profits. For, ironically, the Exchange explained, what was left of the crop might bring as much as the total prefreeze oversized crop would have yielded.

Already oranges were bringing $1 a box more to growers than in the previous week.

What happens ultimately to prices of oranges, lemons and grapefruit will depend on what happens to Florida fruit, and to the estimated 20,000 car-loads of citrus-fruit due this year from the rich Rio Grande Valley in Texas.

Texas Wins—Frost has avoided Texas altogether, and lucky Rio Grande growers stand to gain everything that unlucky California growers have lost.

In Florida, where growers harvest 31 per cent. of the nation's oranges, 75 per cent. of its grapefruit, the weather was playing an altogether different prank. There, temperatures continued 10 to 12 degrees above normal, threatened to ripen fruits before markets were prepared to absorb them; fruits threatened to drop and spoil.

California's frost would not penalize consumers and growers alone. The California Exchange annually spends $2,000,000 on advertising to spread the gospel of Sunkist fruits. Sadly, last week, newspaper, magazine and advertising executives generally, read the announcement that, pending an appraisal of the frost's damage, all Sunkist advertising would be suspended.

BUSINESS BRIEF

Interim Dividends—Last week, stockholders of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co. (textiles, chemicals, substantial interest in General Motors), who have received quarterly dividends with the regularity of clockwork, learned that the old policy had been shelved, that three "interim" dividends would be declared instead. These would be supplemented with a "year-end" clean-up dividend.

To observers, du Pont's move meant that American corporations were bringing their dividend policies into line with the requirements of the new undistributed profits tax, which taxes corporations which fail to pay out their profits. By the interim method companies can gage dividend disbursements more closely as earnings rise and fall than by the old regular method. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., for instance, found after declaring its final quarterly dividend for 1936 that it had underestimated its earnings for the year by $800,000.

The interim method is widely used by European corporations, which seldom build large reserves. To Wall Street, du Pont's action presaged a general shift by most corporations to interim disbursements.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

to make male drivers appear more deadly than the female. Rule this dangerous 15 per cent. off the streets and the remaining 85 per cent. of normally careful male drivers will change the picture entirely.

GRAPH WALDEYER.

San Francisco, California.

Every man to his own crackpot per cent.—*Editor.*

Correction

Sir:—In your story, "Cartoons," December 12 issue, you erroneously set forth that the weekly income from the sale of the "Toonerville Folks" cartoon is $1,200.

New York City. EDWARD V. MCKEOWN.

THE LITERARY DIGEST was in error and regrets its mistake. The income from the Fontaine Fox "Toonerville Folks" cartoon is in excess of $90,000 a year.—*Editor.*

Low-Heat Cement

Sir:—I was much amused at your statement in the January 16 issue that it would take

OKEH REF, SOCK HIM!
—Elderman in Washington Post

several hundred years to cool the large dams if it were not done artificially.

My understanding is that Mr. Ickes (with his usual desire to show how smart he is), would not pay the price for the proper low-heat cement which would ordinarily be used for this type of construction and, therefore, had to spend a lot more money on a cooling-system.

It would be well to check up and find out if all cooling aids could not have been eliminated by using proper cement.

D. A. JOHNSTON.

New Britain, Connecticut.

No deep-laid Administration plot to purchase inferior cement can be suspected. Checking with engineers reveals that even with the use of the "proper low-heat cement," mentioned by Mr. Johnston, the mass of concrete is so huge in Grand Coulee Dam (which displaced the Great Pyramids as the largest man-made structure) that the heat of hydration cannot be carried off in any other way than by pipes through which brine or water is circulated. This heat is known as the heat of hydration, a chemical process in which the cement combines with the aggregate.—*Editor.*

Kidnaping

Sir:—The act of kidnaping should immediately be dealt with as murder. Frantic fathers of the kidnaped, in their poignant distress, ought to be taken into custody to prevent payment of ransom and obstruction to negotiations with the kidnapers.

I, too, love my own children. Yet I should never attempt to induce a kidnaper to return my child by aiding him and promulgating his nefarious savagery. Under no circumstances should I promise a degenerate, altho he held my child's life in his hands, immunity and safe-conduct, thereby turning him loose on additional victims.

To sanction this is as inexcusable as sanctioning riots and lynchings. Not inordinate love of self and kin, any more than insane lust for revenge, may become license to usurp jurisdiction in meting out rewards or punishments to lawbreakers.

Maywood, Illinois. EMIL DEFFNER.

Pet Peeves

Sir:—I enjoyed your article on "Pet Peeves," in the January 9 issue.

It has been stated, upon authority, that certain of the modern dictators have issued edicts against their too-frequent appearance in the newsreels. I think this has always been characteristic of dictators—they lack the saving grace of a sense of humor.

Of course, a good laugh by the populace is fatal to dictatorial pretensions, it being a historic fact that Robespierre's downfall dated from the occasion of a festival at which he was the butt of laughter.

However, the "front" men in America are unlikely to "crack down" on your amusing listing of their pet peeves. And I believe that the United States owes much of its happy evolution to the fact that no policy nor personage is too sacred to receive his share of the kidding.

New York City. R. O'BRIEN.

Rayon Employees

Sir:—To complete the information given on the manufacture of rayon, as set forth in the January 16 issue, it would be of interest to inform your readers of the number of employees on the pay-rolls of all rayon factories. JOHN C. GARDNER.

According to the 1935 Statistical Abstract (latest available), an average of 44,306 people were employed in the manufacture of rayon and allied products in 1933.—*Editor.*

Sheez-Skeez

Sir:—In your January 16 issue you ask: "Did you know that only Norwegians call skis 'sheez'?"

If there are any Norwegians that call skis "sheez" they are only those who have been so badly influenced by English that they can no longer speak their own language properly.

The plural of ski would be skier (two syllables), which is seldom, if ever, used. To say "ten pair of skis," they would say "ti par ski."

Duluth, Minnesota. OLAF HAVDAL.

Sir:—You stated, in your fine article on skiing and winter sports, that only the Norwegians pronounce the word "sheez."

I beg to correct. A skier for a whole season in the center of the Bavarian Alps, I know the word to be pronounced "shee" or as the German plural, "sheer." The word was spelled "ski" and the plural "skiir."

I do not know the Norwegian pronunciation of the word, but having heard and pronounced the word to natives of Austria, Germany and Switzerland in their own language, I would say that the word is only pronounced "skees" in the English language.

Kansas City, Missouri. RICHARD ASTON.

John Kieran, sports writer for the New York *Times*, says that the word is borrowed directly from the Norwegian, in which language it is pronounced "shee." "But," adds Mr. Kieran, "an authority on the written and spoken word, Mr. Bill Nyson, who has been a newspaper correspondent in five or six languages in many parts of the world and is a Norwegian by birth, states that it should be 'ski,' with a good hard 'k'."—*Editor.*

Phone Service

Sir:—Your article in the Finance and Industry section of the January 16 issue regarding Hygienic Phone Service was excellent, excepting one error. The price is 25 cents per phone per month, and not 25 cents per week, as was stated.

New York City.

WALTER A. MORRIS, President.

Cooperative

Sir:—So convincing was your supposedly realistic description of Danish prosperity in "Denmark—The Cooperative Way," issue of

WELL BOYS, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!
—Elderman in Washington Post

January 23, that it will surely further the cause of cooperatives in America.

Of course, you and I both know that cooperatives come straight from Russia and are the most insidious form of Red propaganda. Cutting out private capital, competitive business and equal opportunity, they flout all which the Constitution guarantees.

There ought to be an Oath Bill for editors as well as teachers!

Chicago. FREDERICK SMITH.

Sir:—Having just returned from Denmark, I want to commend you on your descriptive article on conditions there. If anything, you underestimate the success of Danish cooperatives. I've never seen so much genuine happiness and well-being. Unemployment seems at a minimum.

What I liked most about your article, however, was your realization that, while cooperatives are as far as can be from the evils of Italian Fascism and Russian Communism, we must find some solution to our problem of wider distribution of the goods and services by which Americans live. You were quite correct in pointing out that tiny Denmark's plan would not fit, ready-made, into the vast reaches of America.

New York City. RAYMOND SMITH.

It is evident that thousands of American Smiths will form no Smith cooperative.—*Editor.*

Crime Prevention

Sir:—Referring to an article on Crime Prevention in a recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, may I, as a father of a family, express my personal opinion on this most important subject? I am quite convinced that the following remedy would result in improvements and should be effected:

Crime in the future would be substantially decreased if not only parents but all citizens should realize the full responsibility that is theirs to see that all children are supervised during their play hours, that proper playgrounds and recreation centers are opened to the youth of the country, and that their play be directed along constructive and peace-engendering channels by trained supervisors.

Belleville, New Jersey. R. D. SHANNON.

Did You Know—

That vitamin A deficiency is responsible for much of motorists' night-driving accidents? (See page 17.)

That a magazine which was doomed to failure three years ago by "experts" earned $3,500,000 last year? (See page 20.)

That books can now be condensed into two-thousandths of their original bulk, yet read just as easily? (See page 19.)

That crime in America *does* pay—pays $15,000,000,000 a year to 3,500,000 big and small fry? (See page 21.)

That 4 per cent. of all Americans are affected by thyroid ailments? (See page 18.)

That a Missouri college is now teaching co-eds how to "glow," overcome shyness, be beautiful? (See page 23.)

That the average householder earning $2,500 a year pays $200 or more annually in traceable taxes? (See page 28.)

That a New Jersey judge conducts a jury school, more popular with women "pupils" than with men? (See page 33.)

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Gladly—"Mr. Jones, dad wants to borrow your corkscrew."

"All right, sonny," said Jones, reaching for his coat. "You run along home—I'll bring it over."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).*

Then Duck—"What would be the proper thing to say if, in carving a duck, it should slip off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?"

"Be very courteous. Say, 'May I trouble you for that duck?' "—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

Truth—An elderly lady, afraid of passing her destination, poked the street-car conductor with her umbrella. "Is that the First National Bank?" she asked.

"No, mum," replied the conductor, "them's my ribs."—*Capper's Weekly (Topeka, Kan.).*

Solicitude—With a grinding of brakes, the London bus pulled up. But not before it had bowled over the old gentleman.

After a moment the man sat up and looked about him. "Where am I?" he asked, still dazed.

" 'Ere y'are, guvnor!" said a smart hawker in the crowd, "map o' London, one penny!"—*Edinburgh Dispatch.*

Stupid!—The train was just pulling out when the breathless lad dashed to the ticket window. "Hurry up," he gasped, "Gimme a round-trip ticket."

"Where to?"

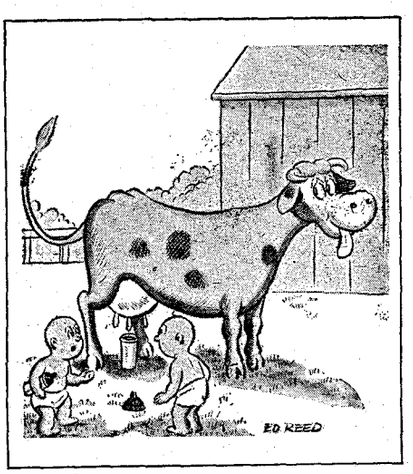
The boy looked at the ticket man in disgust. "Back here," he panted. "Where didja think?"—*Annapolis Log.*

Never Say Die—A small boy was trudging along dejectedly in the grip of a policeman. In his arms he carried a football. There had been a broken window and trampled flower-beds.

A group of his pals stood on the street corner. He tried to keep a stiff upper lip as he passed them.

"What did you do, Fred?" asked his pals.

"Oh, nuttin'," he replied, casually, "they've just asked me to play for the cops."—*Boston Transcript.*



"SEARCH ME—HOW DO YOU TURN IT ON?"

—Ed Reed in New York Post

Surprize!—The professor, to impress upon his class the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking with his back to the fire when suddenly he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted:

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. . . . Your coat's on fire, professor!"—*Boys' Life.*

Or Stilts?—The Bright Young Thing entered the clothier's shop and approached the counter.

"I want to get a present for an old gentleman," she said.

"Yes, mam," replied the clerk. "Something nice in ties?"

"No, he has a beard," the girl explained.

"Hmm," the clerk murmured, thoughtfully. "Perhaps a fancy vest might be suitable?"

"No, it's a long beard," came back the answer.

The clerk sighed wearily.

"Well, how about carpet slippers?"—*Answers (London).*

Hopeless—"I say, waiter, call the manager; I can't eat this awful stuff."

"It's no use, sir, he wouldn't eat it either."—*Capper's Weekly (Topeka, Kan.).*

Technicality—A police surgeon in Philadelphia says one is sober if he is able to say "Susie sat in the soup."

The one we wonder about is Susie.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

No, Sirree—Said the farmer's wife to the druggist: "Be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin'."—*Brooklyn Central.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Charlot—London theatrical manager—as if spelled *shar-low.*

Chotzinoff—music critic—change *c* to *s*: *shot'zin-off.*

Considine—motion-picture producer—*dine*, not *deen*: *con'si-dine.*

Gieseking—pianist—three syllables: *gee'* (hard *g*)*-za-king.*

Heerman—movie director—rimes with *spear'man.*

Zita Johann—actress—as if spelled *zee'ta yo'hahn.*

Kaskas—of the opera—she says, *kahs'kahs.*

Kullmann—opera barytone—rimes with *school'man.*

Maturin—English actor—as if spelled *mat'yew-rin.*

Odets—playwright—as one might say, "*O debts.*"

Rasch—ballerina—*a* as *ah*: *rahsh.*

"COME, DEAR, PAY ATTENTION TO THE MAN—HE'S ASKING YOU A QUESTION!"

—Lichty in Brooklyn Eagle

Slips That Pass in Type

A little baking powder added to the floor in which oysters are rolled before frying will make oysters light and fluffy.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Also pretty dirty, probably.

In a simple ceremony, in which the outgoing mayor administered the oath and handed over the gravel, R. C. B. was named Mayor of H.—*Hubbard (Ohio) paper.*

That's a step towards cementing their friendship.

For best results let Crosby tan your hide.—*Rochester (N. Y.) paper.*

Parents please note.

Following is a list of some flowering vines seen commonly about Bradenton. Listed first are the winter bloomers.—*Bradenton (Fla.) paper.*

Just speaking of slips—.

R. F. B., 3917 Garfield, whose car was stolen Tuesday, was found upside down in front of 925 Plymouth avenue.—*Minneapolis (Minn.) paper.*

Inverted with grief at his loss.

Mr. L. resigned his position last week on account of his death, and is leaving in the near future for Florida, where he is hopeful that rest and a change of climate will restore him to normalcy.—*Winchester (Va.) paper.*

What say, California?

He said he had been on the police force since 1906 and had been assigned to the neighborhood where the houses collapsed most of the time.—*Philadelphia paper.*

Dangerous beat.

J. K., who has been spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. K., 2627 Jule street, will leave Sunday to rescue his studies at the State teachers' college at Pittsburg, Kansas.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) paper.*

Going to rush back and pull them out of the fire?

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